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No 215 November 26, 1988 95p

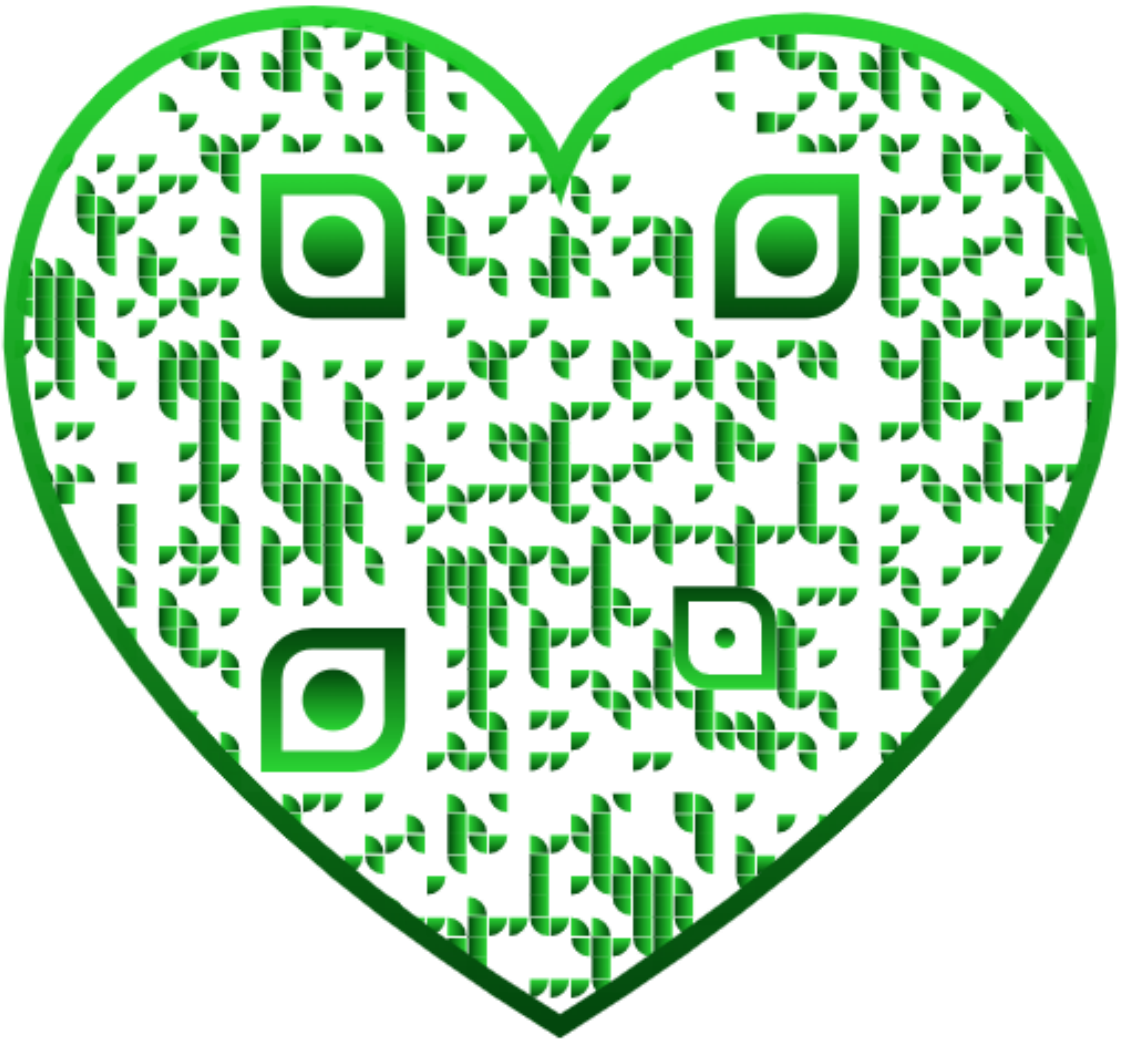
KERRANG!

SO LONG, AND THANKS FOR ALL THE (LYRICS) FISH

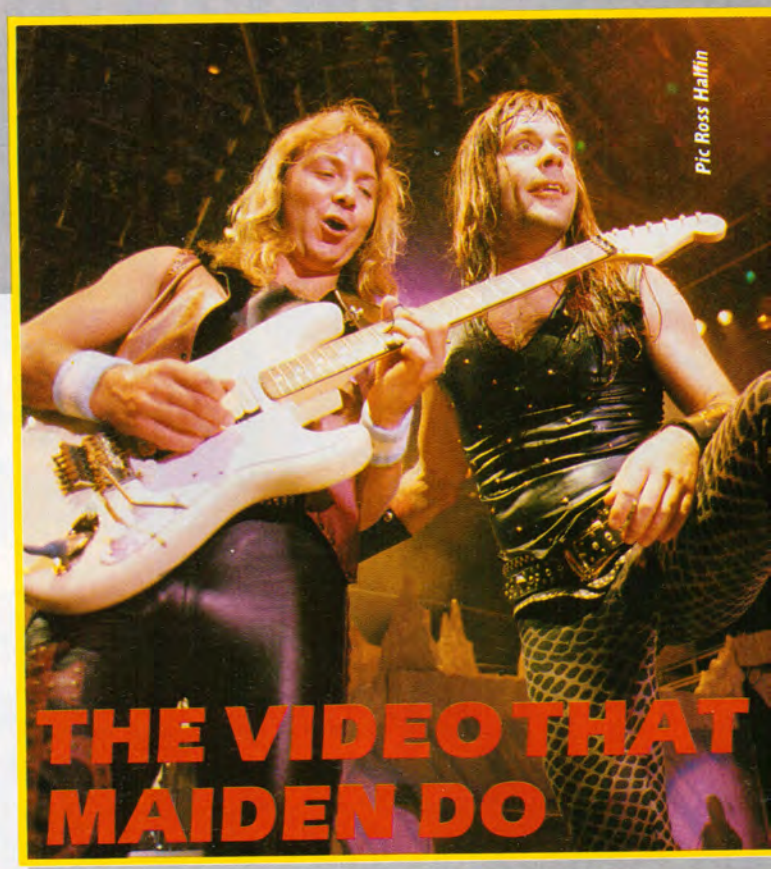
MARILLION SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES...

YNGWIE
CINDERELLA
BRITNY FOX
CANDLEMASS
CRIMSON GLORY
KILLER DWARFS
DAVID LEE ROTH
DAN REED NETWORK

MARK KELLY (left) and STEVE ROTHERY of MARILLION. Pic Ray Palmer



MAYHEM


Pic Ross Halfin

THE VIDEO THAT MAIDEN DO

■ *BRITISH SUPERGROUP* ***Iron Maiden****, set to see the year out with a bang on their upcoming UK tour extravaganza, have added an extra London show to the schedule, and have announced plans to release a live Maiden concert video next year!*

With both pairs of ***Wembley Arena*** *and* ***Hammersmith*** *shows already sold out, Maiden have added an extra date at* ***Hammersmith Odeon*** *on December 12. Tickets are available from the box office and usual agents.*

This will be the last show of the tour. The band then take a 12-month break before beginning work on a brand new Iron Maiden album.

However, 1989 will see some Iron Maiden action, as they'll be filming both shows at the ***Birmingham NEC*** *for a full length concert video, which will be released some time in '89.*

The video, as yet untitled, comes after many fans asked the band if they planned to follow up on the success of ***'12 Wasted Years'****. And if you want to know what tracks are set to appear, get along to one of the shows. You may even appear too!*

As for the band members, ***Steve Harris*** *said in our cover story of last week he intended to play lots of football during their year off, singer* ***Bruce Dickinson*** *will be fencing and drummer* ***Nicko McBrain****, who holds a pilot's licence, will be getting in some flying hours!*

Guitarist ***Adrian Smith****'s much touted solo project is slightly less certain but may still happen if he can find the time and is happy with the demos that he makes!*

Whatever the band get up to in their year off, be sure they'll come steaming back in 1990!

Don't miss this tour!

This means that the band's UK and European tour should take place early next Summer, but the band repeat their promise that they will make these shows their first stop on a world tour.

■ GERMAN CHANTUESE **Doro** **Pesch** appears to have split **Warlock** in favour of a solo preject enigmatically named **Doro**.

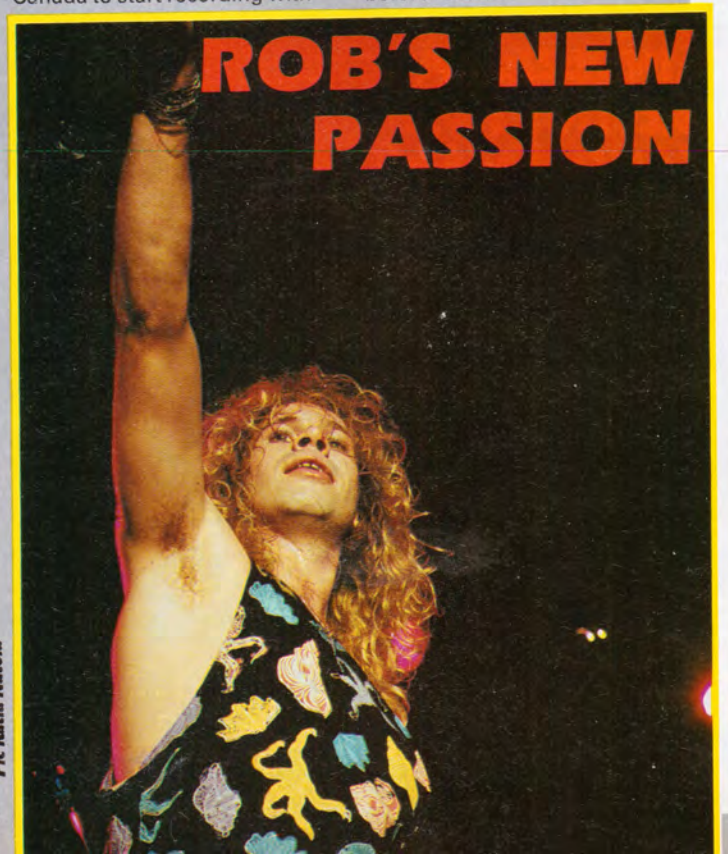
A host of session musos, including **Rainbow**'s ex-drummer **Bobby Rondinelli**, are helping Doro out at present.

■ FURTHER TO our story on US tearaways **Mötley Crüe** in Mayhem last issue, it now seems that the Crüe need more time to work on their new album, which will now not be released until Spring of next year.

The band travel to Vancouver, Canada to start recording with hotshot producer **Bruce Fairbairn** (noted for his work with **Bon Jovi**) in January.

They'll continue to work on their latest set of songs, the working titles of which we brought you last week, some of which will undoubtedly change before release.

ROB'S NEW PASSION


Pic Katia Natola

■ *EX-***JAGGED Edge** *men* ***Steve Hopgood*** *(drums) and* ***Rob Armitage*** *(vocals) have formed a new band called* ***Passion****. Joining the ranks are ex-***Idol Rich** *guitarists* ***Nick Burr*** *and* ***Tim Jones****, along with an unknown bassist,* ***Gavin Cooper****.*

Mayhem spoke to Steve and Rob recently, who informed us that they are currently writing songs, with plans to go into the studio to record some demos in late December.

"The new material will be ***Scorpions****-cum-***Dokken****-type stuff," explained Steve, "powerful but melodic. All five of us are involved in the songwriting – it's not like in Jagged Edge where* ***Myke Gray*** *(JE guitarist) did everything himself."*

"That was one of the main reasons Jagged Edge split," picks up Rob. "Myke wanted control of the songwriting and publishing, we had no record company interest, and the management, ***Smallwood-Taylor****, were only interested in Myke. We later found out that a lot of the record companies would have been more interested if Myke hadn't been in the band.*

"Steve and I formed Passion because we were sick of joining other people's projects and having no control over what went on. It's happened to me every time."

"There's already a lot of interest in this band," asserts Steve, "mainly because Jagged Edge had such a high profile. ***Joe Brown*** *from* ***Tasco*** *is helping us out, and we've already had several publishing offers as well as an approach from one major record company, who were particularly interested in Rob – he's a great singer!*

"Once we've got the tape done we'll talk to publishing and record companies, and Joe will be able to secure us a major support tour – he does that very easily! In fact, we are tentatively lining up a support for February/March time, but we can't really say too much about that yet. It's like when Jagged Edge got the ***Ozzy*** *tour – there were bands offering all kinds of money to do that tour, but we got it for nothing because Joe's a good friend of Ozzy and* ***Sharon*** *(Osbourne, the man's wife). He did it for Jagged Edge and he'll do it again for us."*

On a less optimistic note, rehearsals have been held up slightly by the fact that Mr Hopgood has a "poorly finger", gained in a fight with a TV screen following "woman problem"! One operation and a lot of shattered glass the wiser, Steve plans to channel all his future aggression into drumming. Much safer, we think. . .

■ THRASHERS **FLOTSAM And Jetsam** have been dropped by their US record label Elektra. However, they retain their UK deal with Roadrunner.

■ CANADIAN ROCKERS **Sword** have completed work on a new album, **'Sweet Dreams'**, a follow-up to their successful debut **'Metalized'**.

Produced by **Jack** and **Garth Richardson**, the full track-listing is as follows:

Side One; **'Sweet Dreams'**, **'The Trouble Is'**, **'Land Of The Brave'**, **'Back Off'**, **'Prepare To Die'**.

Side Two; **'Caught In The Act'**, **'Until Death Do Us Part'**, **'The Threat'**, **'Life On The Sharp Edge'** and **'State Of Shock'**.

The album will be released in the band's native Canada within the next two weeks on the Aquarius label, but no British release has been scheduled as yet.

■ UP AND COMING Thrashers **Holosade** have lined up a date at **Chester-Le-Street Bullion Hall** on November 25.

Support will be **88** and **Crimes Of Passion.**

■ **DEATHWISH** HAVE delayed the release of their new album, entitled **'Demon Preacher'**, until February 6. It was originally due this month.

'DP' will now be released simultaneously in the UK and the US as a result of the new agreement between the band's UK label GWR and Enigma records in the US.

The full track-listing of 'DP' is as follows:

Side One; **'Death Procession'**, **'Demon Preacher'**, **'Carrion'**, **'Visions Of Insanity'**, **'Symptom Of The Universe'** (a cover of the **Sabbath** classic).

Side Two; **'Wall Of Lies'**, **'Prey To The Lord'**, **'Fatal Attraction'** and **'Past Life'**.

Deathwish play at **Birmingham Edwards No 8 Christmas Monsterfest** on December 28.

■ THE MUCH missed **Thin Lizzy** have a new compilation album released, entitled **'Lizzy Lives 1976-1984'**, through the American Grand Slamm label this month.

Among the songs featured are **'The Boys Are Back In Town'**, **'Killer On The Loose'** and **'Thunder And Lightning'**, plus other Lizzy faves.

Grand Slamm will also release **'Born In America'**, an album by US band **Riot**, which bridges their career from the **'Fire Down Under'** album to their recent **'Thundersteel'** set.

'Born In America' was recorded in 1984.

■ CULT ROCKERS **Lion** have completed work on a new album, as yet untitled, which is set for release through the Grand Slamm label next January.

■ **THUNDERING HEARTS**, the Keighley-based band led by semi-legend **Nashville Hipshake**, have lined up a brace of Christmas shows.

They play **London Stick Of Rock** December 17, **Bradford Frog And Toad** 22.

They also support the **Quireboys** at **Huddersfield**

BON TO BE MY SINGLE

■ ***BON JOVI**, currently touring in Europe before returning here for some dates in December, release a new single, entitled **'Born To Be My Baby'**, through Phonogram on November 28. Taken from the **'New Jersey'** album, it's backed with **'Love For Sale'**.*

*The 12" version features an extra track, **'Wanted Dead Or Alive'**, while a limited edition 12", packaged in a gatefold sleeve, features a previously unreleased live version of 'Wanted Dead Or Alive', recorded in Detroit.*

*The CD single features tracks from the 7" version, plus **'Runaway'** and **'Livin' On A Prayer'**.*

Polytechnic on November 23.

The Hearts have also found time to pen two new numbers, namely **'Back To The Sunny Side'** and **'London Can Take It'**.

■ **PINK FLOYD**'s new live album **'Delicate Sound Of Thunder'**, released through EMI on November 21 (see review on page 19 this issue), is to be the first album ever played in space!

Soyuz-7, the first Soviet-French space mission, requested a cassette of the album to help pass leisure time on their 30 days in orbit.

EMI obliged and gave the cosmonauts the first copy to be taken from the album's master tape.

The cassette is to be left at the space station for future resident cosmonauts.

Floyd have been invited to the launch of Soyuz-7 in Bajkonur, Russia, on November 26.

REALM GO TO WAR

■ ***REALM**, MILWAUKEE-based purveyors of 'progressive Heavy Metal', have signed a deal with the Roadrunner label, and release their debut album, **'Endless War'** on December 5.*

The full track-listing is:

*Side One; **'Endless War'**, **'Slay The Oppressor'**, **'Eminence'**, **'Fate's Wind'**, **'The Root Of Evil'**.*

*Side Two; **'Eleanor Rigby'** (a way out cover of the **Beatles** tune!), **'This House Is Burning'**, **'Second Coming'**, **'All Heads Will Turn To The Hunt'**, **'Mang'** and **'Poisoned Minds'**.*

*The CD version will also feature **'Theseus And The Minotaur'**.*

■ **SCHOOL OF Violence**, yet more New York Thrashers, release their debut album, **'We The People'**, through Roadrunner on December 5.

It features the following tracks:

Side One; **'Following Blind'**, **'Man At The Top'**, **'Reign Of Clowns'**, **'We Know What They Want'**, **'Lab Rats'**.

Side Two; **'U.S.B.S.'**, **'We The People'**, **'From Attitude'**, **'Stranger'** and **'Marionettes'** (obviously a tribute to **Ray Zell**, that one).

■ **DR KNOW** will release their third album, **'Wreckage In Flesh'**, through Roadrunner on December 5.

Produced by Dr Know and **Scott Campbell**, the full track-listing is as follows:

Side One; **'War Theatre'**, **'Wreckage'**, **'Mastermind'**, **'Lake Of Fire'**.

Side Two; **'Slice Of Life'**, **'City Wheels'**, **'Rise'** and **'Into The Void'**.

■ THE HARDWORKING **Dogs D'Amour** have lined up a headline appearance at **London Astoria** on December 9.

Happening rockers **Dawn After Dark** also appear, along with Doncaster-based **Slug The Night Watchman**, who open the show.

The Dogs have signed a US management deal with **Frank Dileo** and **Sal Bonafede** (who manage **Michael Jackson**!) and are lining up a US tour.

■ FLORIDA-BASED **Roxx Gang** have completed work on their debut album in Los Angeles.

It's entitled **'Things You've Never Done'**, and the first single is likely to be titled **'No Easy Way Out'**.

The whole package is due on the Virgin label in February '89.

■ SCANDINAVIAN ROCKERS **Gringos Locos** have been confirmed as support act for **Status Quo**'s upcoming UK tour.

The Locos appear at all shows except Quo's **Bournemouth** gig.

■ THE **JEFF Healey Band**, Canadian rockers led by blind guitar supremo Jeff Healey, now play *two* shows at **London Borderline** on November 28.

The band will be on stage at 8.30pm then return at 11.30pm, and tickets are available from the Borderline box office priced £5.

■ BAY AREA Thrashers **Death Angel** will support **Motörhead** on the Motörmen's forthcoming Christmas shows at **Nottingham Rock City** December 21, **Hammersmith Odeon** 22 and 23.

■ GUITAR MEGASTAR **Joe Satriani** has completed touring as a part of **Mick Jagger**'s band in Australia, and returned to the US to begin work on a new solo album.

It's due out in Spring next year, through the Music For Nations label.

Satriani's last album, **'Surfing With The Alien'**, has now been in the US album charts for an entire year and has reached gold status, making it the most successful instrumental rock guitar album for 12 years!

KERRANG!

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DISTRIBUTION: SPOTLIGHT MAGAZINE DISTRIBUTION, 1 BENWELL ROAD, LONDON N7 7AX
TELEPHONE 01 700 4600

TYPESETTING AND REPRO: MARLIN GRAPHICS, 2-4 POWERSCROFT ROAD, SIDCUP, KENT

PRINTERS: PULMAN WEB OFFSET LTD, BLETCHLEY, MILTON KEYNES

ISSN 0262 6624

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■ BRADFORD ROCKERS **Excalibur** are putting on a special Christmas show at **Bradford Queens Hall** on December 15. Admission will be free, as a thank-you from the band for all the support they've received this year.

Excalibur see the year out with shows at **Birmingham Edwards No 8 Monsterfest** December 27 and **Cardiff Venue** 30.

■ STOCKTON-BASED **Ardkore** will release their debut album, **'Napalm Stix To Kidz'**, through Metalworks in early December.

The full track-list features: **'Half Life'**, **'Apocalypse'**, **'Judge Of Death'**, **'To Die Is Not Enough'**, **'Death Charge'**, **'Brainslam'**, **'Testament Of Lies'**, **'No Good Evil'**, **'Napalm Stix To Kidz'**, **'Seven Years'**, **'Aggressor Of Pain'**, **'Violence'**, **'Evil Dead'**, **'No Fear'**, **'Scare You To Death'** and **'Kill The Lollipop Lady'**. Is that all?

■ **FEMME FATALE**, featuring the delightful **Lorraine Lewis** on vocals, release their eponymously titled debut album through MCA on November 14. The band are currently rehearsing for some future UK shows.

■ THE LATE and much lamented **Hanoi Rocks** make their UK debut on CD with **'The Best Of Hanoi Rocks'**, released on the Lick label on November 25.

It's a 15-track compilation, and includes a full colour 16-page booklet.

Meantime, former members continue to keep busy with their various projects.

Singer **Michael Monroe** commences work on his debut solo album for his new Phonogram label this month in New York with producer **Michael Frondinelli.**

Andy McCoy is currently a member of **Iggy Pop**'s band which hits the UK for some shows this month; bassist **Sam Yaffa** is currently a member of US band **Jetboy**, whose band album has just been released by MCA; and **Nasty Suicide** is currently in LA putting a band together.

■ DANISH BAND **Prophets Of Doom**, who hail from Odense, home of **Hans Christian Anderson**, have signed to the Metalworks label.

The band – **Torben Askholm** (vocals), **Michael Bodin** (guitar), **Morten Mogensen** (bass) and **Johnny Oleson** (drums) – are currently working on their debut album, set for release early next year.

■ THE TEAM of BBC's **'Arena'** programme are putting together a 60 minute Heavy Metal and hard rock special tentatively scheduled to broadcast on Easter weekend next year.

It will trace the history of Metal from the rise of giants like **Black Sabbath**, **Zed Zeppelin** and **Deep Purple**, through the likes of **Maiden** and **Motöhead**, then up to the present day with **Metallica** and **Slayer**.

It also includes coverage of Donington '88 and Metallica's recent UK tour.

There will also be some special features with the likes of **Ozzy**, **Steve Harris**, **Bruce Dickinson** and horror author **Shaun Hutson**, so keep yer eyes glued to the box!

PLAY TIME

■ *US 'BLUES Thrashers' **Violent Playground** release their debut album, aptly titled **'Thrashing Blues'**, through the Big Chief label this month.*

*The band's line-up features **Manny** (vocals), **The Son** and **Rocko** (guitars), **Traci Kerr** (bass) and **Bobby Sheehan** (drums).*

■ ROCK IN the USSR! Russian rockers **Kruiz** will release their eponymously titled new album through WEA on November 28, the first release of their product in the West!

The full track listing is as follows:

Side One; **'Knight On The Road'**, **'Brave New World'**, **'Heaviest In Town'**, **'Avenger'**.

Side Two: **'In Flames'**, **'Dream 5000 Years Long'**, **'Iron Rock'** and **'Possessed'**.

Glasnost!

■ THE RETURN of **Shrapnel**! Yup folks, by popular demand, our Shrapnel column, currently under the heading 'Record And Tour News', will return to *Kerrang!* next week!

So for free inclusion, write to **Jon Hotten, Shrapnel, Kerrang!, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ.**

SCARRED FOR LIFE

■ ***TATTOO**, ANOTHER of the Roadrunner label's new signings, release their debut album, **'Blood Red'**, on December 5. Self-produced, the album features the following tracks:*

*Side One; **'Top Of The Rock'**, **'Red Light'**, **'Gear Head'**, **'Nobody Gets Out Alive'**, **'Blood Red'**.*

*Side Two; **'Rampage'**, **'Ball Breaker'**, **'Stand On The Mountain'**, **'She's A Rocker'** and **'Follow Your Heart'**.*

*Tattoo's line-up features **Joe Minor** and **Glen Miller** (guitars), **Gary Stuart** (vocals), **Dave Injeski** (bass) and **Tommy Salzburg** (drums).*

КРУИЗ

K R U I Z

THE INVASION HAS STARTED!

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DEBUT ALBUM 'KRUIZ' OUT IN THE FREE WORLD NOW!

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Spit it out to Kerrang!, *Kommunikation, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ*

HEEP RULE THE COSMOS

IT AMAZES me, just what is expected of the rock-loving public at present.

With three big name tours just at an end, there are still another *seven* to go before the end of January. What with the ticket prices (now near enough a tenner), the merchandising, the record releases and, to top it all, the expense of that yearly bummer Christmas, just how far are the pennies in our pockets supposed to stretch?

So with people's hard-earned cash already spent on the likes of Bon Jovi, Iron Maiden, David Lee Roth etc, it was hardly surprising to find a barely half-full Hammersmith Odeon the other night when I went to see the rejuvenated Uriah Heep.

A shame, because for me it was one of the best performances seen this year. A good evening's rock without the pose, the hairspray and the clichés.

Credit must be given to Bernie Shaw, who is one of the most underrated vocalists around today.

I'd challenge anyone to match the notes he reached in the wonderful 'The Wizard'.

Forget the lavender incontinence knickers for your Granny this Christmas, buy yourself Heep's 'Live In Moscow' LP instead. **Wet-look Willy**

HEEP STILL RULE THE COSMOS

I RECENTLY saw Uriah Heep supported by Excalibur at our local venue, the King George's Hall in Blackburn, and felt I had to write to praise Heep for their amazing talent and complete professionalism.

Although playing in a tiny venue, they put everything into the show and were brilliant.

Also, Excalibur are the most promising new act I've seen in a long time.

We met both bands afterwards, got autographs and had a chat. No running for limos or being guarded by bouncers for Uriah Heep, despite having obtained legend status.

All in all, a superb gig. Thank you, Heep and Excalibur, you've renewed our faith in the 'human' nature of bands. **Two devoted fans, Accrington**

RŸCHE ROCK RULES THE COSMOS

I HAVE just had the good fortune to attend the most mind-blowing gig of my life! I am referring to the mighty Queensrÿche, at Nottingham Rock City.

I knew it was going to be mega from the start. The support act was a Thrash band called Slammer. Now, I hadn't heard of them before, but I do know that they were as heavy as f**k and were well fast. They reminded me visually of Testament, and I'm sure that they will be huge one day.

After a lengthy wait (my only complaint) Queensrÿche hit the boards, and Rock City went absolutely apeshit and stayed like it for over two hours.

Now, I have seen many bands at Rock City – Slayer, Kreator, Celtic Frost, Anthrax, Testament, etc – but none of them can compare to Queensrÿche.

Geoff Tate sang like a dream, while Eddie Jackson and Scott Rockenfield were just crazy animals, nailing the rhythm section down perfectly.

Michael Wilton and Chris DeGarmo were just awesome, peeling off solos like no tomorrow, and stalking the stage like lions waiting for the kill.

In fact it looked like the whole band were really enjoying it, and not just doing a job.

Finally, in times of 'rough-house' tactics by security men at gigs, I would like to say thank you to Rock City and their security men, they were great!

All in all, a superb night. **Brian Mayfield, Newark**

BUM LISA

I DOUBT IF you'll print this letter as it's praising a very little known band.

On Wednesday November 9, I went to see Lisa Dominique at Woughton Centre in Milton Keynes, after reading her interview and also a live review in a couple of back issues of your great mag!

But when I saw her perform she was dreadful! The songs were awful!

OK, she's probably a really nice girl, but she should pack it in, and from what I saw the guys were there just to drool over her.

Now, to get to the point, the supporting band were superb! Good songs, great harmonies. Who were they? A band called Thin Ice!

So come on, do a feature on a great up and coming band! **Brian (Thin Ice fan) Miller, Stevenage, Herts**

LISA'S BUM

AFTER READING your View From The Bar section (issue 213) and seeing lovely Lita Ford's ass, I couldn't help but think of Lisa Dominique's ass. After seeing it CLOSE UP at her superb concert at Hull Theatre, I reckon it's much more shapely and worthy of inspection.

How about a feature on the luscious Lisa? Or, failing that, a large photo of her bum would suffice! **Andy Nightmare and the Elm Street Animalz**

PS Check out Rich Rags (Britain's answer to LA Guns).

THEY WOULDN'T DARE

OK, SO THIS is the first time I've written to your mag. Why? Well, it's the perennial old problem which pops up more regularly than Jim Baker's evangelic willie – why-oh-why do brilliant, nay *mega*, new English acts get little or no coverage on either Radio One or local radio?

I am, of course, referring to those Mancunian wizards Dare, who without a doubt have produced the most definitive AOR album of the year with 'Out Of The Silence'.

Why can't a new band such as Dare break it this side of the Atlantic? The answer is Radio One's stranglehold on mainstream music. What they play makes it, what they don't play makes the bargain bin at your local Our Price.

Why should bands like Dare, the Outfield, Romeo's Daughter and Magnum have to have massive injections of record company cash to get noticed here? Why can't they just succeed on their own merits?

So come on, Radio One, play it fair, your rock audience stretches way beyond two hours on a Friday night! **S. Eason, Birmingham**

STATUS SENILE

A CRASH COURSE in making your own Status Quo.

1. Go to the nearest Pensioners' Home.
2. Drag out five or six very old, balding men.
3. Give them all smart jackets, ties and cowboy boots.
4. Select two to play the guitar, one to play the bass, another to play the drums and (if you're feeling adventurous) sit another in front of a piano for decoration. Shove the sixth in front of the microphone.
5. Teach the guitarists three different, amazingly boring, chords and the drummer two different beats.
6. Dump them in a studio and tell them to make an album consisting of eight boppy songs that all sound identical.
7. Get people with names like 'Struckers' and 'Ferg' to write to *Kerrang!* stating that it is the best album by the best group that has ever existed.

And – bingo! Your very own Status Quo. **Mark Halstead, Somerset**

Rush to attend day school on archaeology

PLEASE FIND enclosed a headline from my local paper. Could this be the cause for the delay of the release of the new live album? ***Mark Phillip, Clwyd.***

DAVID'S ONE L OF A DRIVER

YOUNG David Coverdale celebrated his 17th birthday by passing his driving test after only six hours at the wheel.

I SAW this article in the Sunday People the other day. Perhaps Coverdale did get something right after all! ***Jonathon Prout***

REACH FOR

RATT

REACH FOR THE SKY

the eagerly-awaited new album

featuring the single "WAY COOL JR."

Produced by Beau Hill and Mike Stone
A Ratt N Roll/Berle Company Production
Personal Management: Marshall Berle

On Atlantic Records, Cassettes and Compact Discs

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RUSS DWARF: *"We go around causing a lot of big trouble, stuff like biting ankles, kicking shins, jumping on backs and headbutting people . . ."*

KILLER DWARFS (from left): Darrell Dwarf, Russ Dwarf, Ronald Dwarf, Mike Dwarf

Pix Joe Giron

DWARF THIS WAY

DEREK OLIVER is well known for his fully-fledged, multiple-inch long sausage. Lucky him. RUSS DWARF, however, vocalist with the KILLER DWARFS, is much more in the solitary-inch chipolata league. Sad. But read on to hear how Russ fiercely eschews the small but fashionable Winnie The Pooh collection in search of some real rock 'n' roll clothes (in extra small sizes only)

HE SITS alone, quite relaxed, in a chair at one end of a smartish hotel room. From out of the window and down below, the drowsy hum of the mid-morning traffic comes wafting up from Toronto's main thoroughfare.

"There's talk that we might actually record our next album somewhere else rather than here," he says, gesturing around him at the hustle and bustle.

He is 28 years old, no taller than your average small person, probably more travelled than you or I, and what he does for a living is sing with a Canadian rock band called the Killer Dwarfs.

He is called Russ Dwarf. And he is waiting to be interviewed.

Moments earlier we had been watching home movie footage shot by Russ and others, of the Killer Dwarfs on tour in America. Together we could be found laughing at drummer Darrell Dwarf leading an impromptu rendition of 'Stairway To Heaven' featuring manager Andy Wigderson on percussion.

Russ is happy to relive these routine memories for he has many more to come including those he will acquire in the UK on tour with monsters of rock Iron Maiden. The Killer Dwarfs have, by hook or by crook, managed to wangle themselves the support slot on the last Iron Maiden tour for at least a year, probably a lot longer if rumours are to be believed.

"Well it's like this," begins Russ. "We played the last three or four shows of Maiden's American tour and Steve Harris really liked us. It was quite funny actually, because during the first day we never saw the band at all. They came into our dressing room after the show and said they really enjoyed our performance. Actually, and I know I shouldn't say this, Steve said he wished we had been on the whole tour."

Maiden's US tour, as widely reported, wasn't really the spectacle of ultra-success that previous tours had been. Amongst a myriad of minor problems it appears that the support slot had been leased out in several segments to a number of lacklustre or, simply, troublesome units. Bands who had appeared and disappeared throughout the tour included such crowd pulling pleasers as Hurricane, Ace Frehley, Megadeth, Guns N' Roses and LA Guns.

"A week after the tour finished and Maiden had flown home to England," continues Russ, "they phoned us up and asked if we'd like to play on their UK tour."

LET US pause a moment, and remind ourselves of our subject's curious history. Formed some time ago during the early 1980s, the Killer Dwarfs (the line-up features vocalist Russ, guitarist Mike Dwarf, bassist Bad Ron Dwarf and mad drummer Darrell Dwarf) first came to prominence via a bright debut album on the indie Canadian label Attic Records. It was nothing special, but it did strike a humorous note – and besides, what was this Dwarf business all about?

Claiming to be brothers and inhabiting a curious place called Dwarf village on the outskirts of Toronto, the Dwarfs certainly fired the imagination. 'Stand Tall' was their second album, this time released on the equally astute indie label Maze Records (home for a while of Saga), and proved to be a major step in the right direction. Offering a pleasing selection of arena rock and unpretentious riffomania, the Dwarfs were caught slightly off guard when certain Southern states of America suddenly developed an insatiable lust for Dwarfism.

This regional success led from one thing to another, eventually making them recipients of major recording company interest. Epic, eager to secure a hard rock roster, beat down offers from others including Metal giants Atlantic and secured the Killer Dwarfs' signatures. Twice, in fact, for they buggered up the spelling of young Darrell's name on the initial contract!

More recently, of course, the band have been heavily praised for their latest album, the effective but not quite so lead weight 'Big Deal' LP. I liked it a lot. Others weren't so forthcoming in their praises, but the guys *are* making definite progress. Perhaps a change of producer from Simon Hanhart (Marillion, Fate) to someone a little heavier, like Neil Kernon, could be the key to a universal breakthrough. They've certainly got the songs to make it happen.

"I'm still pretty happy with the album," explains Russ earnestly. "It's a good representation of what the band are about, and don't forget we've already sold twice as many copies than we did with 'Stand Tall'. We must be doing something right.

"What is important for our morale though, is that no matter what we do it must be a step forward. So far, everything that we've undertaken in this band has brought us a little bit more success. Actually fate has made us highly competitive. It's made us very hungry for success, and the Iron Maiden tour is our biggest break so far."

EARLIER THIS year, during the warm Summer months, the Dwarfs undertook their own club level tour of Canada and North America. Starting in Calgary, the band worked themselves into a gigging frenzy down the American West Coast, across the southern states and up into the notoriously difficult East Coast market. The tour was not without its share of humorous incidents . . .

"We used to change the sign above the bus windscreen to read Burt Reynolds instead of the Killer Dwarfs. Then we'd pull into a roadside diner and eat breakfast watching all these American families freaking out at the possibility of meeting Burt. They used to say, 'Hey mister, is that really Burt Reynolds' bus out there in the parking lot?'. And we'd say, 'Yeah, we work for him but he's not coming out today so f**kin' beat it'. It used to get hilarious because they would soon start giving us hats, shirts and all kinds of little gifts for him. After an hour or so reporters would be calling the restaurant trying to confirm if anyone had actually spoken to Burt, trying desperately to get quotes and stuff. That was a great kick, but not half as funny as sticking Bon Jovi's name on the bus sign."

Are you still living in Dwarf Village?

"Yeah, it's a pretty cool place to be. I've been seeing a lot of the guys in the band lately, y'know hanging out with them. Actually it's like being in a little gang. A battalion of Dwarfs. We go around causing a lot of big trouble, stuff like biting ankles, kicking shins, jumping on backs and headbutting people. We have fun around here all day long!"

Where do you buy your clothes?

"Actually, I shop in the kids departments of the big Toronto shopping stores. When you take a size four shoe it's just about the only place that's any use. You should come shopping with me, it'll blow your f**king mind. It's a real drag to find decent rock 'n' roll clothes in the kids department because in one corner you've got the Winnie The Pooh collection and in the other there's like all the cowboy and indian stuff!"

HOW MANY tricycles are you bringing to the UK?

"I think we've only got room for two in the trunk; one for stage use and a spare one just in case I blow a tyre or break a spoke."

Do you customise them?

"Yeah, a little, but I'm very fussy about what type I ride. Spare parts ain't easy to find. What I do is keep parts from all the tricycles I've totalled in accidents over the years and the drum tech doubles as a tricycle mechanic.

"The first job when I get a new bike is to tighten the handle bars a fraction more at the front because they've literally flown off in the past and hit me in the head."

Do they have brakes?

"No way. The only way to stop is to use your feet or fall off. I usually aim for a monitor when I'm onstage, but if you hit them too hard the back wheels flip up and before you know it your head is wedged in the speaker grille."

Have you ever driven off the edge of the stage by mistake?

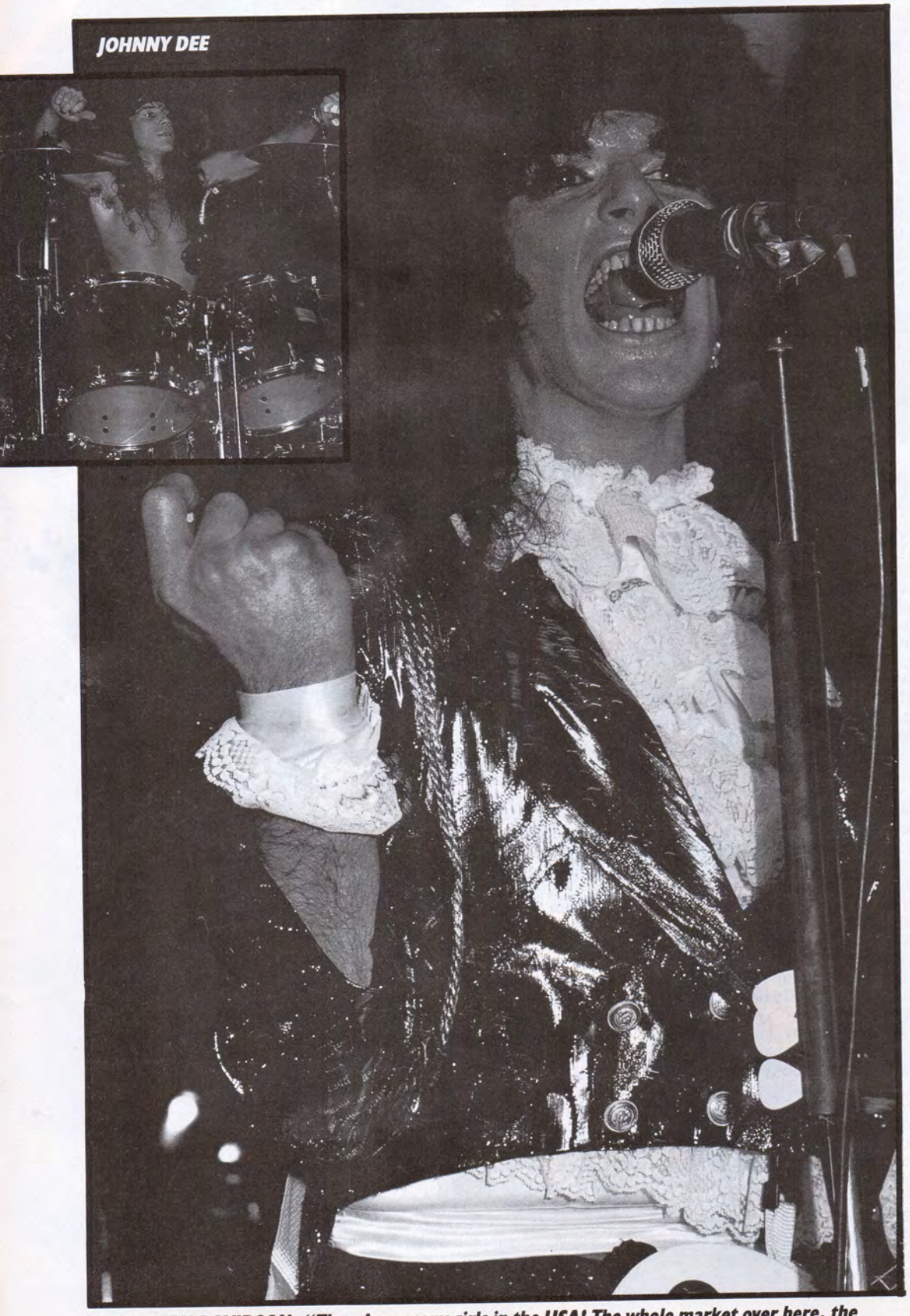
"Not yet, but that's because I'm a professional. Y'see, it's all down to split-second timing. Besides, we've got a million dollar liability insurance cover so I don't tend to worry about minor things like that.

"Sometimes I've really shat myself coming down some stage ramps because you suddenly think, 'Holy f**k, I'm going much too fast', and the only way out is to take a fall. I usually end up looking like the elephant man when I've had a bad crash.

"Oh yeah, don't forget to look out for my speciality. I do some great stunt riding and I've developed this neat trick of riding sideways on two wheels. It's dangerous, but it's one hell of a showcase!"

SHAKE THAT BIMBO!

Blazing sunshine, kick-ass crowds, expensive cowboy boots and blonde-haired cuties with names like Jennifer, Regina, Buffie and Dawn . . . yep, life sure is good when you're a rock band called BRITNY FOX, on the road in Texas. And when you're a journalist named DAVE REYNOLDS, travelling with said outfit in the Lone Star state for a few days, then life ain't too bad for *you*, either . . .



JOHNNY DEE

Pix Bonnie Graham

DIZZY DEAN DAVIDSON: "There's so many girls in the USA! The whole market over here, the ones who buy the most albums are actually the girls. It's like a 10 to one ratio . . ."

THIS IS a true story; none of the names or places have been changed to protect the innocent.

'A bit of Texas in my veins/ I think I'm goin', goin' insane'.

'Fun In Texas' by Britny Fox.

Three days in the sun with Britny Fox – sounds fun to me even though the whole thing has been and gone. Y'see, even though my body is, I hope, all in one piece here in frosty Britain my rock 'n' roll spirit must be still alive and kicking on the other side of the Atlantic deep down in the heart of Texas. Why? Maybe the next few thousand words of wisdom will explain things.

Britny Fox, that Philly band who've received endless amounts of praise in *K!* this year if not from me then from Derek Oliver or Boss Barton, and are currently on the road with Poison – a real livewire bill if ever there's been one – Britny have been opening the show with a 30-minute kick-ass set letting America know that this quartet seriously mean business. For the first month Lita Ford followed them onto the boards before Poison dashed out to rip up the arena, but from the end of October through to the dying days of this month it'll be just Poison and Britny .

I decided to catch up with the foxy ones during their stint in Texas, simply because I wanted to see at first hand how the lone star state crowds would react to the Dizzy Dean Davidson-penned anthem all about the place by the title 'Fun In Texas', a song that lyrically instantly sums up my feelings towards this little jaunt, I can tell you!

The Summit Arena in Houston was the location for Britny's first foray into cowboy country. Looking at a mural on the wall in the basement of the building tells me that this place has certainly seen some action. The logos of heavyweights like Led Zeppelin, Kiss and Styx, to name but three, loom large in colour. This place could well be rockin' tonight!

But as it turned out the crowd response to all three bands (Lita Ford left the tour two days later in Dallas) was rather disappointing, but then the arena wasn't exactly sold out.

Pic Clip Ruggieri

FOXES ON the frets: Michael Kelly Smith and Dean Davidson

Britny got a pretty good response but not good enough.

"I hope you're not reviewing this gig," wonders the rather pissed off Johnny Dee in the dressing room later. "That crowd was really lame. I just hope San Antonio and Dallas are better."

The former Waysted drummer's sentiments are pretty much echoed by the rest of the band, guitarist Michael Kelly Smith especially because it's his birthday and he was hoping for something a little more lively. Still, bassist Billy Childs isn't complaining 'cause he's just managed to pick up a pretty stunning blond by the name of Jennifer who takes the barest amount of persuasion to travel on the bus with us to San Antonio, a couple of hours down the highway

EN ROUTE the fun starts to begin in earnest. Whilst Britny's enigmatic frontman Dizzy Dean and Michael are busy swapping stories with yours truly about classic bands of the '70s, earlier shows on the tour or their plans for the next album, the band's roadcrew are having a hell of a time at the back of the bus. Billy's new-found friend is posing topless for polaroids, much to the delight of resident pervert and photographer Ace 'Woody Krueger' Porter, Britny's soundman, whilst other members of this motley mob, like guitar tech Goz and Richie Wuestenberg, are really getting into another bus pastime of listening to tapes of 'The Favourite Marches Of The Third Reich'!

Prior to arriving in San Antonio, Ace and Johnny Dee show me the 'Hitch-Hiker's Guide To The Galaxy', a Gene Simmons-style on the road account full of polaroids featuring countless young ladies in various states of undress posing either by themselves, with members of the roadcrew or Billy. A picture of band manager Brian Kushner and a pair of large female breasts of unknown origin needs a title before it can take its righful place in the collection. "How about 'Spot The Tit?'." And so it goes.

San Antonio at 10 am is hot. San Antonio at 12 noon is unbearable. While the rest of the band have gone off shopping for boots (Dean ended up ordering a rather unique pair that'll set him back a cool $700), 'Wild' Billy Childs and I, with the blonde airhead Jennifer in tow, decide to wander up the street to check out what the Alamo is all about. I dunno about the history of the place, all I'm interested in is seeing the spot Ozzy Osbourne pissed on!

Looking at a model of the famous battle that took place here, Jennifer suddenly tells us that, "They must've known all about AIDS even then." Billy seems mystified. "Why?" he enquires.

"Because I can't see anybody having sex!"

"That's probably because they were too busy having a battle," deadpans Bill before giving me a "Get her outta here" look. Next stop San Antonio bus station where Jennifer is put on a bus back to her stripping job in Houston!

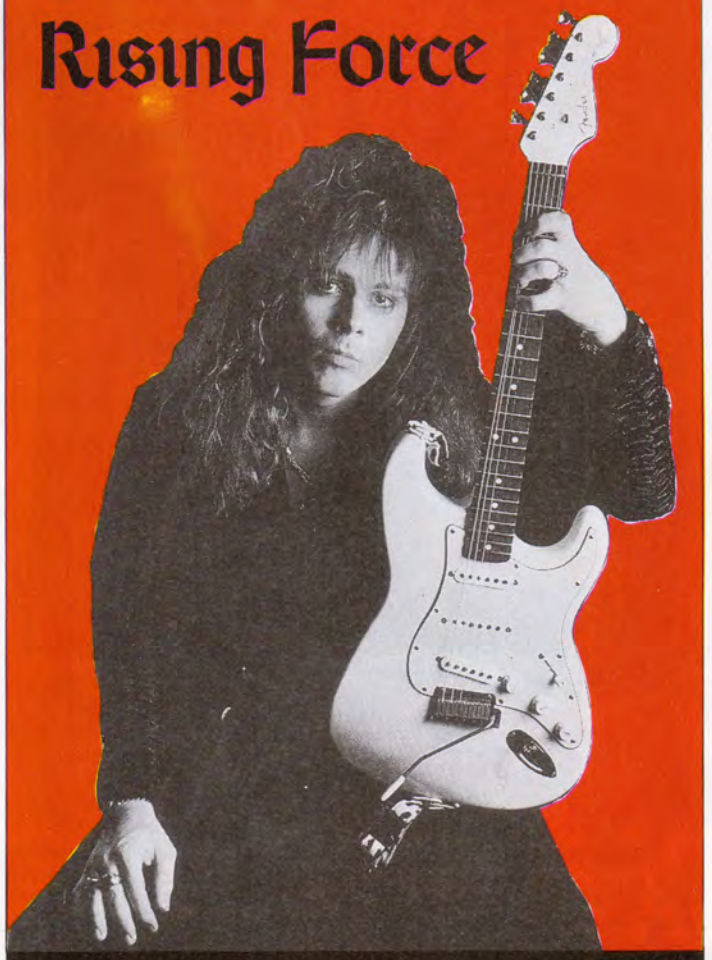
THE EVENING'S gig is at a place called the Sunken Gardens, an outdoor theatre that reminds me a great deal of a smaller version of the Hollywood Bowl. Britny are expected to do well, especially because they pulled in a good crowd to a record shop 'in store' appearance earlier in the afternoon. The girls were out in force, Mike being a particular centre of attention when he was smothered in sticky red lipstick from the lips of a stunning Mexican girl named Regina.

For this gig and the one in Dallas the next day Brian Kushner has flown in from Philadelphia to join in the fun. He says: "These kids are starving so much for heavy rock music that they'll pounce on *anybody* who looks like he's in a band!"

True enough, as I was to find out at first hand when the band and Kushner decided to turf me off the bus and into a crowd of about 200 screaming girls to sign autographs. All throughout this trip I was to be mistaken for Billy Childs, and the real Mr Childs thought it was a gas. "Are

KONTINUEZ OVER

Yngwie J. Malmsteen's Rising Force



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AT THE Britny Fox in-store record signing session. Just one example of what goes on when the band's backs are turned!

BIMBO!

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

you Billy Childs from Britny Fox?" asked a really sweet chick after their set. "No," said I. "Yes you are! Sign this!!" Okay, if you insist.

Before taking to the road again – this time a four to five hour trip to Dallas beckoned – everybody headed on down to a local club called Sneakers where Circus Of Power were playing, and the drinks were on the house to anybody bearing a tour laminate. Lita Ford and Chris Holmes seemed to have had a head start, Lita showing her appreciation of the dirty biker rock laid down by the New York act by banging her head on the nearest table.

Back on the bus Ace is trying to persuade some troll he'd picked up to pose for his camera but she's having none of it. The man had considerable success earlier in the day, especially with a rather lovely girl called Buffie who was willing to pose with anyone, and also a dodgy Lorraine Lewis clone called Dawn who claimed that she'd "Do anything for Jon Bon Jovi". She ended up on Poison's battleship bus stark naked. Need I say more?

DALLAS 7 AM. Breakfast in the Skyline restaurant of a Days Inn hotel. As the sun comes up, sending a sparkling glow around the impressive skyscrapers of the city, Dean insists that the band fire their wardrobe girl, basically because she's too busy hanging out and not doing her job. After a discussion with the rest of the band and tour manager Anthony Tomasino it's decided to give her the boot after the Dallas gig.

After breakfast Dean and I finally get 'round to switching on the little black Sony I've been carrying around with me for the past 48 hours .

Dean feels for his music with a passion that no one person I've ever met can come close to. He has an almost selfish desire to succeed in the music business, his mind already two steps ahead of where his body currently stands. Whilst Britny Fox are certainly a band it's Dean who is the focal point, the star of the group. He reminds me of a superhero mix of Steve Tyler and Paul Stanley, a description he'd probably take with his usual modesty as a very big compliment.

Neither of us has had much sleep yet the job in hand is not to fall off into the land of nod but to leap head first into the whirlpool of life that Britny have found themselves in, a time when CBS in the UK have just decided to unleash 'Girlschool', the first single to be taken from the band's storming 10-track debut album.

"This tour with Poison has been great for us," begins Diz. "We started off in Green Bay, Wisconsin in September. We were nervous when we first came out but after the first shows things started to go really smoothly and the response from the crowds was unbelievable. We really didn't expect such a great response.

"The arenas that have had seats in them, like the Houston show, where the kids are unable to rush right up to the front have been a little lacking in energy, but we're having real fun, especially because we're out with Poison. We're working really well with them, and now that Lita Ford has left the tour we'll have more time with the crowd, we'll be able to play more songs and we won't be as rushed. In the half hour we've got at the moment we can only play six songs.

"Playing with Poison has been a real compatible thing for us though because we've opened for bands in the past we just haven't matched with. I don't think we could've got on a better tour than this one right now."

HAS THE success of the video for the first single, 'Long Way To Love', been of any great help in getting the audiences around the country on their feet?

"Yeah, the audiences are familiar with us because of that and the radio playing it, and it's going over great live. But it's such a great feeling to hear the crowd roar and yell after each song, it just makes you want to give 'em even more.

"Up 'til this tour it has been MTV who've played a big part in selling our album (currently it's virtually certified gold status in America and got into the Top 40, peaking at Number 39 in *Billboard*). MTV is able to put a band into a kid's home who is maybe unable to see bands live. Every day you're in somebody's house, and that can add up to over 40 million homes and that many people can know about you. And we've just put out our second video, for 'Girlschool', that will hopefully get even more people into the band.

"We were able to put more time into this video than the first one and it's better planned. The concept is much better too, it's sort of a progression from the first one and we'll keep moving up as we go along."

I know that there's going to be a total of four singles (and videos) to be released from the album in America so which song is going to be next?

"That'll be the ballad 'Save The Weak'. We'll be filming the video for that sometime in December before we go to Japan for the New Year's Monsters Of Rock gig (to be staged in Tokyo with Bon Jovi, Ratt and Kingdom Come). The release of the single will be timed for when we go out on tour again, hitting bigger cities, in the New Year."

BRITNY WERE hoping to get the second leg of the

KONTINUEZ PAGE 14

MICHAEL KELLY Smith undergoes emergency last-minute Syrup adjustments prior to imminent onstage assault by wind machine

Pix Dave Reynolds

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BIMBO!

FROM PAGE 12

Poison tour but this spot now seems set to go to Tesla, so the Philadelphia act are looking at forthcoming jaunts with Ratt or Mötley Crüe to hook up on. So things are looking very, very bright indeed for the foxy ones. But is there anything Dean isn't happy with (apart from the wardrobe girl!) at the moment?

"Not really, because I don't expect things to happen all at once or the promotion of the record to be 100 per cent. Things are climbing steadily and growing in their own way. Little by little the album's selling and now that the second single is out in America it should sell even more. When you think that we're almost gold and have only had one single out until now it shows the potential. The way I look at it is that if we have equally successful singles with 'Girlschool' and the two after that then the album should be double platinum!

"We're releasing singles that are gonna hit on a different vein each time. 'Long Way To Love' was a heavy and mellow love song, 'Girlschool' is a total rock track like Slade, Kiss or AC/DC, and then 'Save The Weak' is the ballad. We figure that 'Girlschool' is gonna be really popular with girls."

And you've got an awful lot of them coming to see you on this tour!

"Yeah, there's so many girls in the United States! I think the guys over here are more into rock because of the coolness of it. The whole market over here, the ones who buy the most albums are actually the girls. It's like a 10 to one ratio over here.

"I think that 'Save The Weak' will probably be our biggest single because it's mellower and could hit a lot more people who are into more poppier stuff. 'Fun In Texas' could be the fourth single."

How do you feel that song has gone down whilst you've been here? Disappointing?

"I think it's all down to the seated arenas and also the security that has held the kids back, especially in Houston. (Security was almost fascist in approach, and they were only dealing with, on average, 16-year-old girls, not psycho Moshers from hell!) It does reflect on the band when you come out and play and the audience isn't allowed up front, but there's really nothing you can do about it. Last night was much better though."

THE 'BRITNY Fox' album has yet to yield its full potential but already Dean, the main songwriter in the band, is itching to start on LP Number Two, claiming that the next batch of songs pretty much rip those on the debut to pieces. On the tour bus he was forever strumming a guitar and thinking up new ideas, one such tune bringing a rather too close for comfort Aerosmith feel to Britny's sound. But the second album is at least a year away so things could change rapidly.

"I've pretty much got the whole of the next album worked out," the man claims. "I'm just waiting for the chance to go into a studio and demo the material and then see what we've got. I've been writing new songs for the whole of this past year so we aren't short of tunes to work with. My vocal ability is leaning more towards songs in the vein of 'Fun In Texas', 'Long Way To Love' or 'Gudbuy T'Jane' (the immense cover of the Slade hit) that add variety to my singing."

I've often wondered whether or not Michael, Billy and Johnny are happy with this arrangement of you doing all the work like this?

"It just seems to work better this way. It's always been like this since day one. When I called everybody in the beginning I had all the songs written so we didn't get together and spend ages getting songs written between us. It's so easy for me to write songs, I work on them night and day so when I get together with the other guys I'll just throw these songs in front of them and they add their parts, I never tell anybody how to play their parts."

But you hate to be known as the kingpin in the band, as someone accused you of being the other day, right?

"Yes, that's bullshit. Britny Fox are a team. I write the songs because I'm the songwriter, plus the songs that I write groove with the band. If somebody else were to write then it would change the whole style of the band. What we're doing is what works best."

It's no secret that the great bands of the '70s are an influence on your style of writing and outlook in general. As a fan of that stuff too it's easy to see why. What, in your opinion, was so great about the '70s music scene that's probably missing in the '80s?

"Back then there was more character, more expression in the music. That is coming back now though, only the bands today are learning more about the business and how to put their product across. In the '70s bands were simply more interested in playing."

And so naive when it came to business they all got screwed royally. It is true that the '70s influence is returning, whether it's through the grinding anthems of Britny Fox or gutter aggression of Guns N' Roses. Aggression is the perfect word to describe what Britny's set was full of at the Dallas Starplex later that day. It was the best performance of the whole tour.

EARLIER IN the day the boys had made a rather weary appearance on the Dallas-based Z Rock radio network (who were incidentally running a competition to win the chance of being road manager with the band for a day. I suggested they were more in need of a wardrobe girl for a month!) before doing yet another record store signing.

Opening up with the now familiar jungle beat drums of 'Rock Revolution' then swingin' headlong into the jivin' groove that is 'Girlschool', bimbos jumping up and down in appreciation, Britny Fox paved the way and set the mood that would certainly set them on course for infamy in Dallas. They could probably come back and headline. Ending the standard support set with the crowning crowd fave 'Fun In Texas', Dean and Co mouthed the words 'We love you!' in unison. They really had no need, Dallas knew it!

During Poison's set an extremely attractive chick runs up to me, gives me a smacker of a kiss and the biggest hug her model-like frame can muster, shouting, "I thought you guys were wonderful! Britny Fox kicked ass!"

Later Billy Childs sits down next to me, bimbo-handed as usual, and says, "Remember, Dave, I'm the one that pulls all the women, right?"

Right. Bands these days never had it so good!

But it's actually your average kid in the street that Britny Fox are more concerned at reaching, in all seriousness. Those are the people who've put them where they are today.

At present there are no plans for the band to come over to Europe, but that's not to say they can't care about the strong following they have acquired since the album's release or even before it came out (did you know that the 'In America' cassette-only release has recently appeared in bootleg album format on the continent?), so all it needs is for us all to be patient. The Rock Revolution is coming!!

DIZZY 'N' DAVE: to while away his time on the flight out from London, Mr Reynolds (pictured right) crafted this splendid jacket out of three tubes of Bacofoil and a packet of felt-tip pens

Pic Johnny Dee

MORE BIMBOS: two Texan 17 year olds languishing outside the backstage door in Dallas

Pic Dave Reynolds

REKORDZ

K: Kakk! KK: Khronik! KKK: Kapable! KKKK: Kerrackin'! KKKKK: Kataklysmik!

ONE FOR SORROW . . .

MARILLION: the truth, the whole truth . . .

MARILLION
'The Thieving Magpie (La Gazza Ladra)'
(EMI MARL 1)
KKKK

SO HERE I am once more . . . The game truly over this time, what else is there to really say? They came, they saw, they got drunk! Fond memories indeed, only a few of which, paradoxically, this fraught final epistle manages to evoke with any real clarity.

But then my angle on the Fish-Marillion split is bound to be a narrow one. I know these people too well. When Fish declared that he was leaving the band, it came as no big surprise to me, nor to anyone else who knew Marillion well over the last couple of years.

It had been on the cards since the start of the 'Clutching At Straws' world tour in 1987, when it became apparent that worldwide sales for the new album were unlikely to match, let alone top, the figures achieved by its predecessor, 'Misplaced Childhood', two years before.

Commercially, 'Clutching At Straws' was still a big hit album for Marillion: it reached Number Two in the British charts; made the Top Five in Germany; and Number One in several smaller European markets.

What it didn't do, however, was the one thing everybody in Marillion, and Fish especially, was secretly hoping it would: break down the doors of the American charts for them at last.

Its singular failure to do so brought extra frustrations to bear on the already slowly disintegrating relationship between Fish and the rest of the band – a situation which reached its apotheosis on the band's largely miserable last American tour in September '87.

There were arguments, near fights, and a deal of backstabbing. Fish took it all out on the bottle, and at one stage the rest of the band were worried he wouldn't make it to the end of the tour in one piece.

It was right there, out on the road in America, that the band asked themselves the question seriously for the first time: could there be a viable future for Marillion without Fish? They didn't answer 'yes' right away, but the bad seed was sown.

Fish, for his part, had talked more than once over the years about what he might do if he quit Marillion. Talk of Fish quitting was nothing new. The difference was that now the rest of the band were starting to agree it might not be such a bad idea.

The band pulled themselves together sufficiently, however, to return to Britain at the end of '87 for what would prove to be their last ever shows in this country with Fish. The tour ended on a high note – Marillion's popularity in Britain and Europe remained immense at that point – and when, after a couple of months vacation from the road the band regrouped in the rehearsal room, a certain amount of scar tissue had been allowed to form over the wounds incurred by both sides on the last tour.

The underlying feeling, though it was never expressed in words, was that the band, with Fish, probably had one good album left in them.

Marillion were expected to deliver a finished album to their record company in time for a Spring '89 release. When Fish announced his departure, it was clear that it would be at least another year before Marillion would be in a position to consider seriously the release of their first album without him.

The idea to release a live double album, in time for the big Christmas sales, plus indirectly cash in on the huge publicity Fish's split from their ranks had already garnered, was an obvious one. Even corny, you might say. Not to mention plain mercenary.

Nevertheless, live double albums don't have to be trite, self-indulgent affairs. The best examples of the genre justify their place in the history books by summing up an act, or individual performer, at a particularly rapt, or significant moment in their career.

But even with history on their side, somehow Marillion haven't quite come up with the kind of definitive live package it takes to elevate an otherwise worthy collection into the heady realms of the Classic Live Recording.

In fairness, there's not much wrong with the music, with recordings taken variously from Marillion's tours of the UK in March '84, January '86 and December '87, plus one track, 'Freaks' (included on cassette and CD but not on the record for some reason), recorded before 80,000 people at an open-air festival in Mannheim, West Germany, in June '86.

Not that you would know that from reading the scant information offered on the sleeve.

It's a gatefold sleeve, the outside adorned with absolutely the worst, most tasteless Mark Wilkinson painting I have ever seen – garish, kiddy-cartoon portraits of the band, the one of Fish *sans* beer belly being particularly risible.

The inside is given over to an out-of-focus colour shot taken of the band on stage during the 'Misplaced Childhood' tour. Aside from a few blithe 'thank yous' though, it tells you nothing of when and where these songs were recorded, and God forbid it should stoop to mention the reason *why* these particular live recordings have finally seen the light of day . . .

Some liner notes giving a little background to the individual tracks would have been nice, something that cut through the shit and wasn't afraid to mention the war, something that gave one good reason other than the bleedin' obvious as to why this album should exist at all.

Let me then be your guide. 'Slainte Mhath', 'Sugar Mice', 'Incommunicado' and 'White Russian' are taken from the band's last ever show in Britain with Fish, at the Edinburgh Playhouse in December last year.

'He Knows You Know', 'Jigsaw', 'Punch & Judy', 'Fugazi' and 'Script For A Jester's Tear' were recorded in March 1984 at the City Hall in Sheffield. 'Chelsea Monday' is taken from a show at the De Montfort Hall in Leicester later on in the same tour.

'Freaks' I've already explained. And 'Misplaced Childhood', only part one of which is included on anything other than the CD, was recorded at the Hammersmith Odeon in January 1986.

Musically, there are a number of highlights. One thing Marillion always struggled with in the studio was how to capture that windswept live sound they were always able to get on stage. They never really succeeded and this album is the proof.

And it's interesting to compare the earlier, less soulful but perhaps more in tune vocal performances by Fish to the growling, wounded bear evinced on the more recent recordings.

In lots of ways, it's a sad recording, too. The last in line, it is a baleful, not exuberant exit.

An intense collection of speckled moments from the only half-remembered past then, I shall always find it eminently playable. That doesn't mean I'm pleased to own it. And the pudding packaging is frankly insulting. But if you're a Marillion fan, and I am, you gotta have it anyway. I know.

It's just a Goddamn shame, these Jester's tears . . .

MICK WALL

KISS
'Smashes, Thrashes And Hits'
(Vertigo 836 7591)
????½

WHAT THE hell have we here? Possibly the worst album sleeve of all time? Possibly the worst album title of all time? Possibly the worst Kiss compilation album of all time?

When I first heard about this 'product' I thought it sounded like a peachy idea. Just in time for Kissmas too! I sure didn't expect as many as 15 (!) tracks crammed sardine-like onto a mere two sides!

The two openin' cuts – the 'new toonz', both sung and co-written by Paul Stanley – are curious in the fact that 'Let's Put The X In Sex' is pure smutty Simmons right down to the *'black lace panties'*, and 'You Make Me Rock Hard' almost succeeds in bein' as crass as 'Bang, Bang You' from the disappointin' 'Crazy Nights' album, rhymin' night, right and tight!

From then on it's the strangest trip through a Kiss record that's ever been my, er. . .pleasure. 13 remixed 'classics' sweepin' the board of Kisstory, yet no Catman or Space Ace to be seen on the kover?! Although to be honest, I could barely detect a difference on a first spin, it was hardly as obvious as it's *très* excellent "greatest hits" ancestor from '78 – 'Double Platinum'.

A second play revealed alien echoes hauntin' the familiarity. And a third had me strainin' me delicate shell-likes for anythin' that sounded remotely different, spoilin' any actual listenin' pleasure whatsoever. In fact, apart from drummer Eric Carr doin' a fine, almost uncannily Criss-like vocal on a remixed 'Beth', every-bugger else, ie 'Lick It Up', 'Heaven's On Fire', 'Strutter' etc started to sound. . .well, 'odd'. That's odd-weird as in weird-bloody-strange!

Right here, right now. . .I don't quite care for 'Smashes, Thrashes And Hits' at all. But will I play it again some weeks hence and it'll all come together and 'do it' for me? How's that immortal word go that sounds both optimistic yet somehow questionable? Ah, yes. . .'possibly'. RAY ZELL

THE WHO
'Collection'
(Impression LP SMR 570)
KKKK

CHRISTMAS CONJURES up oil-dipped, life-size rubber reindeer, jello packed condoms, six-packs of guaranteed-to-burn tinsel and compilation albums. K-Tel and Santa Claus are the merchandising dream.

The front of this double album proudly proclaims 'As Seen On TV'. Strange how dreams are baffled, the once legendary, stadium-cracking Who cast to the same levels as Dirty Den and adverts for 'Smash'. Where will it all end? In a safety deposit box I guess.

But there's no denying the magnificence of this collection, each song digitally remastered, and spanning the band's entire career before the death of sad, mad dear Keith Moon. When trashing the amps was considered *de rigeur* and almost elevated to an art form. Before Pete Townshend gave up trouncing his guitar with vicious windmill powerchords that rattled the neck while Entwistle stood calmly playing bass runs and patterns and placing the first three rows in shock. And on top of all that, Daltrey swinging the mic in huge arcing circles around the stage. All before a couple of fans fell under a crowd rushing for a vantage point or tickets or something and couldn't get up again. How history mirrors itself.

The music? Great waves of 'My Generation', 'Boris The Spider', 'I Can See For Miles', my all time favourite, 'Baba O'Riley', 'Summertime Blues' and 'Shakin' All Over' as two live covers. Then 'Who Are You', 'You Better You Bet', a list so endless that you've probably spent hours humming them and never knew.

They were once the icons of the Mods, but in realistic retrospect were simply a great rock and roll band. I will always regret never seeing them perform live, and for once suggest that you stop and take a step backwards to think this thing out. Once the greatest, you know who. PHIL WILDING

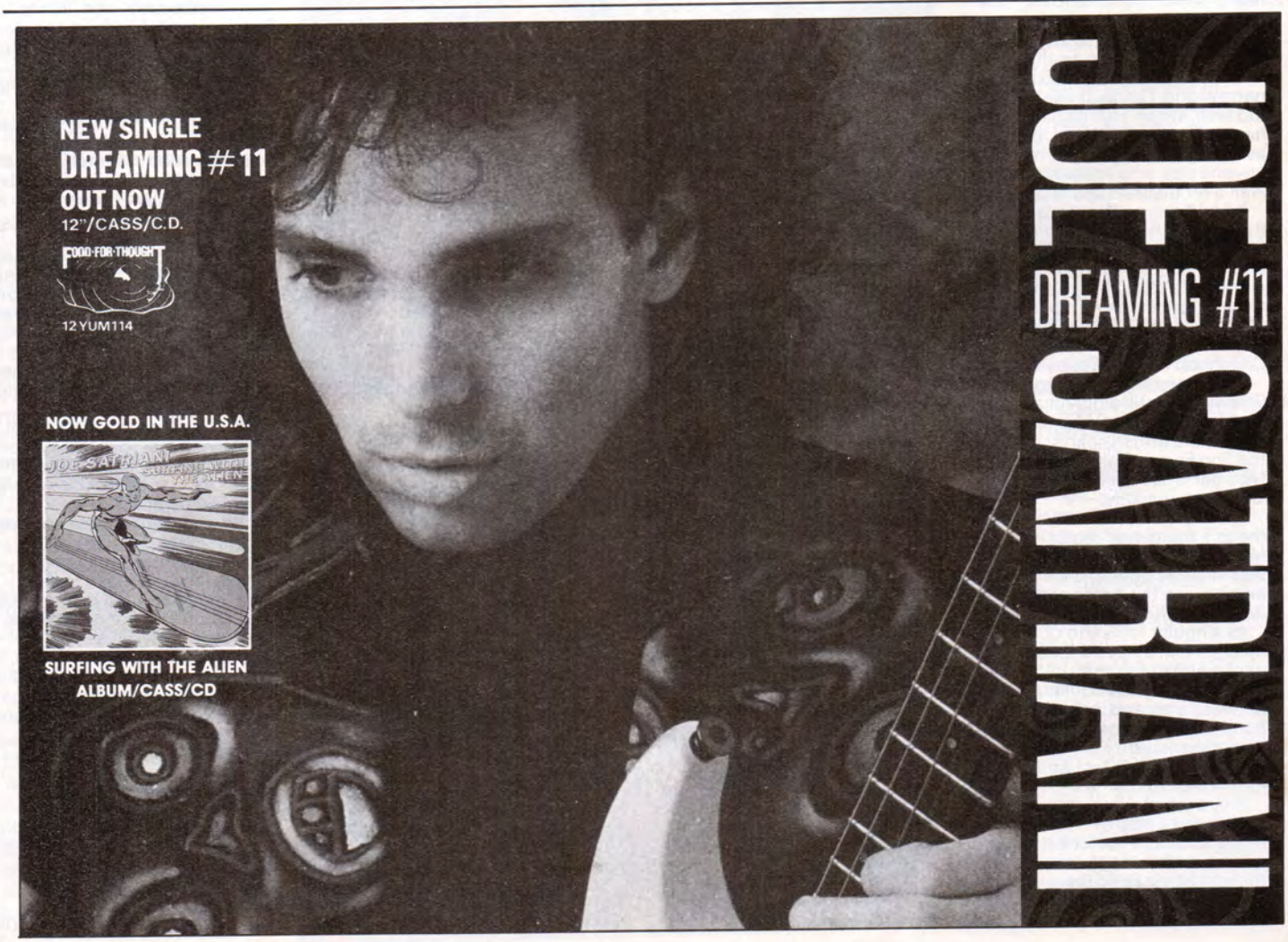
BEOWULF
'Lost My Head. . . But I'm Back On The Right Track'
(Caroline Carol 1355 import)
KKK

BEOWULF? SOUNDS like a group who might have supported Saxon in the balmy days of the NWOBHM. All long sheepskins and dandruff, posing in their Viking helmets, fumbling with their dicky dirks, wishing they had *real* swords. But they're not.

Four chaps from California, Beowülf formed in '83, released the fledgeling 'Beowülf' in '87 and have followed it up with 'LMHBIBOTRT'. 12 trax of Speed Metal which at times boast a punkish, maybe even Hardcore attitude. Fast, repetitive angst, that on songs like 'Done Got Caught' and 'Flare' seem almost too quick for the band's own good, as they break awkwardly into very basic time changes.

The songs are about sex and violence with 'Fuzzy Princess' sporting a fine line in carnal allegory. It also contains an oddly compelling off-beat rhythm. I don't know what 'Hippy Liquor' is, unless it's a well-proportioned woman who works for the post office, but it exemplifies how average Speed refuses to utilise the lead guitar. Shrill noize, time after time, detracts and irritates. Yet 'One Chance' and 'Lost My Head' demonstrate how powerful Beowülf can be when the big breath and go for it mentality works.

'Cruisin'' (Smokey Robinson classic!) finishes the album. A brave, foolhardy cover, I wasn't happy being force fed a dose of the TTs (throttled Thrash) and like my local windmill this grinds along getting nowhere. Yet usually Beowülf are confident and workmanlike in the one-dimensional Speed Metal they produce, and if no frills, fast and furious is your addiction, buy it. But for me, if Thrash were a vast musical highway (with no speed limit obviously), Beowülf would be stuck in a width restriction halfway down. JOHN DUKE



LUDICHRIST
'Powertrip'
(Combat 88561-8246-1 import)
KKKK

THERE'S NOTHING I like more than a dose of lethal 'Komik-Kore', and anyone who saw the kover of their debut album 'Immakulate Deception' will know what I mean. Who kould forget those angelik babies – one wielding a lasso and the other a piece of TOAST! I kid you not! So what treats have we in store on the kover of 'Powertrip'? Well for starters there's the Pope, with an awful looking RED NOSE, above him we have a Klint Eastwood-style Kelly's Hero komplete with Acid House smiley badge, to his right there's a pirate with a knife stuck in his boat, below him there's a Mafiosi villain komplete with obligatory skars and, kompleting the line-up, to his left there's me ol'mate Satan! Oh, and on top of all that there's a gal sittin' on top of an automatik handgun, so I'd say it's business as usual for Ludichrist!

Well, there's been quite a line-up change since the release of 'Immakulate Deception' some two years bakk, and only Tommy Christ (vokals) and Glen Cummings (guitar) have survived from the original line-up. This has certainly affekted the band musikally, coz on 'ID' the 'Christs were averaging 10 songs a side, and here on 'Powertrip' it's a measly five kuts a side. That said though, the musik is up to par. 'Zad', for example, is well fast, nice lead geetar and even, dare I say it, MOSHY in the Anthrax style. New boy Mike Walters gets the chance to show off his bass on the hilariously titled 'Stuff To Fill Graves', and just sit bakk in amazement at the FUNKY INTERLUDE on the 'Tip Of My Mind'. 'Damage Done', meanwhile, does show that the band kan ackshully slow down once in a while, even if it is only for a few khords, and that pretty much takes kare of Side Uno.

Pikk of the pops on Side Two has gotta be 'This Party Sucks', and let me now quote you a few choice lines from this wee gem: *'Got to the party, nothing stirring, not even a mouse/'Bout 30 people there/And most of them were dicks/Only three of them were girls/But they weighed as much as six!'* and so on. Yeah, Ludichrist certainly know how to tikkle yer funny bone. Try it yourselves, and if you don't laugh, then you're the wrong side of INTERESTING! Follow my drift?! XAVIER RUSSELL

CORROSION OF CONFORMITY
'Six Songs With Mike Singing: 1985'
(Caroline/Carol MC 1361 import)
KKK

IT'S BEEN many a moon since the last vinyl appearance of Raliegh, North Carolina's loudest and brashest, COC. Since the departure of previous vocalist Simon Bob Sinister who contributed his melodic vocal prowess to the 'Technocracy' EP of a year-and-a-half back, the Corrosion boys have been somewhat of an enigma, lacking a vocalist and vinyl documentation of material they were working on shortly before Simon's leaving. Out of the vault come six previously released though rather obscure tracks from the band's three-piece line-up, with since-departed bassist Mike Dean handling vocal and bass duties.

Unlike 'Technocracy', this haphazardly thrown together collection of tracks, many of which are re-recordings of early Corrosion songs such as 'Eye For An Eye', 'What(?)' and 'Negative Outlook', tend toward the band's earliest Discharge meets the Bad Brains pummel. Among the earliest of the Hardcore/Metal Crossoverists, COC have never wallowed in Thrashing one-dimensionalisms, axeman Woody Weatherman waxing lommi as drummer Reed Mullin has long been regarded as perhaps the strongest skin-pounder to ever come out of the loosely termed "Crossover". Even a re-recording of 'Not For Me', a song from Mullin and Weatherman's earliest outfit, No Labels, shows a furiously musical edge unique to early American 'Thrash 'n' burn' Hardcore.

The question remains: is this a good record? Material-wise, yes and no. Sure, the six short Thrashers make for a high-powered fill for COC fans, yet after nearly two years minus vinyl, they could have delivered more. MIKE GITTER

BAD BRAINS
'Live'
(SST/SST 160-import)
KKKK½

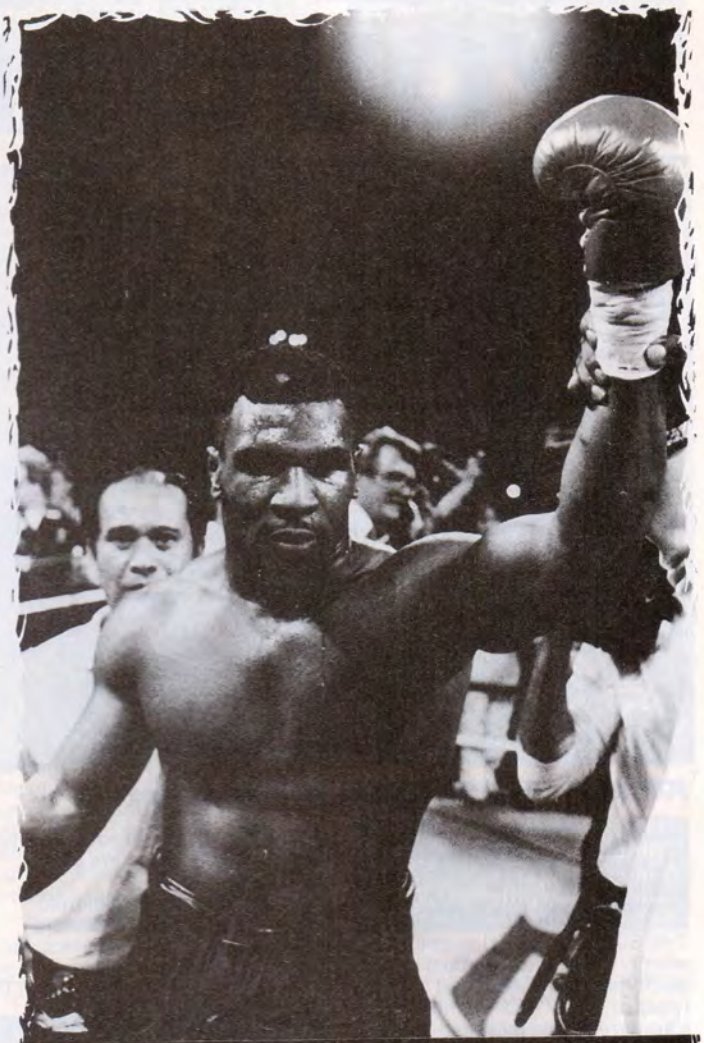
SINCE THE day these DC Rasta-cores first started making known their plans to destroy Babylon, they've been among the most ferocious live acts to ever come blasting out of the American underground. Captured on their final tour with helium-throated vocalist HR and drummer brother Earl Hudson, never has their proficient bludgeon been so fiercely committed to vinyl.

Overall, an excellent selection of the band's strongest material from their near-decade of consistently reshaping any sort of traditional Hardcore ideal. From little-known classics from the infamous 'ROIR' cassette such as the driving 'I' to dub rockers 'I & I Survive' and their own revamping of the Beatles' 'Daytripper' or their later-period rockers from 1986's classic 'I Against I' LP, this exceedingly well-recorded live document also scores highly as a Bad Brains 'greatest hits' album – an excellent introduction to the band who harnessed the fury and aggression of Hardcore with jazz-fusion talent and a burning sense of social anger.

Phil Burnett's live production elevates this album from a deadpan live recording to an effort that captures the raw, unbelievable power this band once possessed and is currently trying to re-establish with new drummer and vocalist Mackie Jason and Taj Singleton respectively.

Intensity is the key word here, this documentation of the Bad Brains premier line-up captured shortly before their halving (with members heading off to form the HR Band) and strikingly capturing the energy, beauty and soul the Bad Brains have long been known for. MIKE GITTER

On And Off And On Again



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SCREAM UNTIL YOU LIKE IT

SCREAMING TRIBESMEN: not mad, just a little deranged

THE SCREAMING TRIBESMEN
'Bones & Flowers'
(Survival Records 4601201)
KKKK3/4

THE SCREAMING Tribesmen aren't really mad. Maybe a little deranged, but not as mad as the lyrics of 'Igloo' and 'Living Vampyre' might suggest. 'Igloo' (indeed, even the album) ain't that new, but thanks to a UK release through Survival, this Australian four-piece playing Bay Area garage with an English accent should be welcomed, adored and even worshipped.

'Igloo' is an immediate, hummable smash. This is a slightly creamier version than that of the 'Tribesmen's early demos, but no less compelling.

'Well I live in an igloo at the polar zone/And at night I dream of a red telephone. . .'

Black Sabbath it might not b e, but Mick Medew's vocals are certainly, er, out there.

America has rolled out comparisons with the Byrds, particularly in Chris Masuak's luxurious, thick guitar and half-assed solos, yet the Screaming Tribesmen are slickly dazzling. *Songs* emerge, expertly arranged and frayed around the edges. The compelling frenzy of 'Casualty Of Love', the unpretentious angst of 'Igloo' itself.

Could well restore the glory of the three-and-a-half minute formula.

Comparisons with Balaam and even Soul Asylum are fleeting but fun; even Tom Petty and the Great God Fender are here somewhere. An uplifting, refreshing work of rock art that is neither frivolous nor disposable. In fact, if it wasn't for a rather limp 'Dream Away', the 10 tracks laid out in a line would be pretty damn perfect. What a bastard, eh?

The packaging, production and eventually the band are clear, sharp and expert.

The Screaming Tribesmen have made my week. Beware import prices, but the cynics and fringe army should *buy* it.

CHRIS WATTS

FORCE 3
'Warrior Of Light'
(Pure Metal 3034 import)
KK

AN ODD one this!

A British band with an LP released on an American specialist label. Force 3 is a name I've hardly heard of before yet they must've impressed someone enough to secure some kind of financial investment.

Like I said, very odd!

However, from my investigation I can reveal that they are in fact a Christian Metal outfit. It's not difficult to deduce this fact, especially when the lyrics are so blatantly obvious and the album sleeve contains a special thank you to Jesus Christ together with an extract from the book of Joshua. Get my drift?

So, what about the music? Very Metal, oddly enough, very English and quite honestly pretty damn unoriginal. Yeah, I know the band will think I'm some kind of Pontius Pilot but the honest truth of the matter is that Force 3 are strictly amateur hour. This kind of Metal is available any night of the year in any one of a thousand pubs and clubs throughout the entire country. They are neither inept or for that matter particularly competent, falling somewhere inbetween and that just ain't good enough.

With a huge and dominating guitar sound that compares to a mixture of mid-period classic Quo and contemporary Thrash belters like Exciter, Force 3 erupt from the grooves like a liquid fart. None of the songs are particularly strong, they all sort of scoot along on one simple riff and the vocals are, to be polite, very poor. What can I say except that this is an extremely average release!

My advice to the band would be to add another guitarist (they're currently a three-piece), write some stronger songs and invest in a good producer for their next album. See yer around.

DEREK OLIVER

NOW
'Complaint Of The Wind'
(Autophon AU-11239 import)
KKK

IMAGINE MY surprise when this record turned out not to be a smelly dose of flatulent European semi-Thrash but a rather nice and colourful collection of early Saga-style progressive Metal with a hint of latter-day Rush.

Okay, so the vocals of Vincent Fis are by no means brilliant, but this Belgian four-piece are musically really rather good. Fis' lead guitar playing, unlike his singing, is fluent and bright; the keyboards of Hervé Borbe are in a Saga/Yes vein whilst the rhythm section of Veronique Duyckaerts (bass) and André Hercot (drums) is extremely solid. If only the vocals could be improved – perhaps by drafting in an English singer – then Now could begin to explore the international market. What they play is extremely popular on the continent but who, after all, in the UK is going to take an album titled 'Complaint Of The Wind' seriously?!

As it is Now have managed to create a really good live sound through the production that adds a real crisp edge to things. The cuts that to my mind come out on top are the Saga-like 'Welcome To The Dreamworld' where Fis has the touch of Michael Sadler to his voice; 'To Find Your Track' with its parpin' synths and bass riffs and, especially, the excellent title track that features some amazing guitar work on a par with Saga's Jim Crichton.

So, if Now can improve on things in the vocal area then success on a wider scale could be assured.

To contact the group send an IRC to: The Troubadour, PO Box 145, B-4800 Verviers, Belgium.

DAVE REYNOLDS

MANILLA ROAD
'Out Of The Abyss'
(Leviathan Records LA 19883-1 import)
KKKK

GLAM PUSSY slimmers of the year these three dudes from Kansas definitely ain't. Grab a glimpse of the cover and you'll realise that Manilla Road's 'Out Of The Abyss' has to stand or fall on musical merit, cos image wise the respective members resemble the bottom of a wet cardboard box that's been left in the garage with three days worth of grass cuttings in it!

I haven't seen so many repulsive lookin' heads since my last bout of acne!

Sorry ladz, I do know it's the music that counts and I'd like to congratulate you on an LP that reeks power, quality and talent! Nine devastatin' trax, ranging from mythological meanderings (with white witches and insatiate monsters slippin' into wells of chaos and knock, knock, knockin' on Valhalla's door) palpitatin' their little bods next to modernesque ditties like 'Slaughterhouse', 'Midnight Meat Train' and 'Whitechapel'. The latter is the album's longest cut and starts thrashin' life as straightforward, hale and hearty as your typical clichéd Yorkshireman, all shining red cheeks and John Smith's bitter, yet builds into somethin' special through Mark Shelton's (singer and axeist) gutterin' guitar runs and sophisticated use of drivin' chords.

But it's on 'Return Of The Old Ones' that everything gels instantly. Commencing with a resonant refrain that convulsively throws up great heavin' licks which flay wildly to a whispering militaristic snare, this song enjoys a stunning axial potency that's offset by unexpected bursts of truly recondite guitar: the sorta stuff that'll blister your balls but kiss 'em better too!

I truly believe 'OOTA' to be a very fine power/Thrash debut from a group that has the musical imagination and technique to achieve epic stuff. Reach for it.

JOHN DUKE

MANILLA ROAD: lovely, aren't they?!

PINK FLOYD
'Delicate Sound Of Thunder'
(EMI EQ 5009)
KKKK

A PLAY in two acts about a supergroup turned new sensation, starring a middle-aged, generously-waisted man as Dave Gilmour: the world's most unlikely guitar hero. Some hero too, but more on that later.

The two acts are quite different, as it 'appens. 'Delicate Sound Of Thunder was recorded on Floyd's gob-smacking, mega-bucks sound-and-light extravaganza which wheeled its leviathan immenseness into the UK back in August. Hence we get two sides of "new stuff" (technical term) – based largely around 1987's 'Momentary Lapse Of Reason' album – then an intermission for T-shirts/ice creams/etc; before two sides of "old stuff".

At Wembley Stadium I loved both halves, but here, the first disc steals the show. It begins with a version of 'Shine On You Crazy Diamond' so haunting, your stereo will need an exorcist. After which, you and the priest will just sit back, jaws in laps and smoke rising from ears, as Gilmour blows what's left of you both away.

The guy's an absolute star. Maybe it's monkey glands. Probably it's the opportunity – ney, necessity – to take centre stage now that Roger Waters is gone. Whatever, the old chap has gone berserk and turned in a stormer, at a time when he could be forgiven for sorting out his retirement plans.

Sadly he doesn't keep it up (nurse, more glands in bed three) on the second disc. Mainly cos, 'One Of These Days' apart, the oldies don't call for any heavy duty soloing. For me then, the interest slumps as the 11-strong band run through an assortment of 'Dark Side Of The Moon' and other "greatest hits", ultimately degenerating into sublimely awful Pink Funk on a reworked 'Money' and 'Another Brick. . .'.

Still, last tracks 'Comfortably Numb' and 'Run Like Hell' pick up the interest again, if not the tempo, and we end up with . . .A Very Respectable Live Album Indeed.

Not the greatest of all time, but one which offers conclusive proof that 'old' doesn't have to be 'boring'. I strongly urge anyone who loves great guitar, or remembers Floyd fondly, to invest in this record.

NEIL JEFFRIES

FRANK MARINO & MAHOGANY RUSH
'Double Live'
(Maze records 78 4612 import)
KKK3/4

IF I had a penny for every time someone came up to me in public and asked where the flip Frank Marino is these days I'd be a very poor man indeed. It seems the world has chosen to forget about poor old Frank and his super efficient axemanship, preferring to shirk their responsibilities by latching onto a number of young upstarts like Yngwie J Malmsteen and Vinnie Moore. To you, I spit in your glass eye and piss on your shoes! Old Frank used to be my favourite axe hero, make no mistake, but something somewhere went drastically wrong.

Well it's now late 1988 and, to my honest surprise, Frank is actually still in business. Recent investigations reveal that he's now hooked up with new management (the same people who handle Lee Aaron) and has a firm game plan to make something of a comeback. This double live LP is basically the first step on the rocky road back to international prominence and, hopefully, eventual stardom – something that eluded him first time around.

Culled from what I assume to be recordings made some time ago in the USA (California and Texas), this record is a great opening and closing statement concerning Frank's career to date. Professionally recorded and spread out over four sides, the majority of material is taken from his last album with CBS, the excellent 'Juggernaut'. Elsewhere, there's at least three tracks taken from 1980's 'What's Next' masterpiece and to cap it all the customary all-guitar solo tracks, some of which were first captured on 'Mahogany Rush Live' way back in, oh, I think that one was 1978.

Best track is certainly 'Strange Dreams' which incidentally is my favourite all-time Frank Marino track, a brilliant atmospheric number that assaults the senses with a truckload of druggy vocal passages and cosmic cranium crunching.

Welcome back Frank, you're doing just fine. Hey, don't s'pose there's a chance of any UK shows? Nah I thought not!

DEREK OLIVER

DENNIS DE YOUNG
'Boomchild'
(MCA 42162 import)
KKK

WHEN STYX finally called it a day (although rumours suggest that they are to reform in the not too distant future) I thought it to be the best move for everyone concerned. Their last few albums had degenerated into an all-time low of unbelievable proportions.

This is Dennis' second solo album and my initial impressions remain firmly divided. Sure he's a great vocalist, one of the best, but why on earth are the songs so flippin' wimpy? Yes, seems as though Dennis has slipped into middle age in much the same way as Eric Clapton meddled with the male menopause. What is it that makes such angry young men turn into limp wristed wimps?

Assisted by a gaggle of session musicians, some of whom I seem to recall helped out on the 'Desert Moon' album, Dennis croons his way through a selection of nine songs that barely reach the amber let alone the red zone. Sounding like the music used as backing to the very awful 'Miami Vice' series, Dennis gets poppy, funky and soulful but fails to rock. The reason? Simple, dimples; producer Alan Shaklock (who he?) has buried the guitars so far back in the mix that you might reasonably think them not to be there at all.

Like so many inconsequential latter-day Styx ballads the songs are all but meaningless drivel and will instantly reduce 'Boomchild' to the bargain bins of every record shop throughout the nation.

It was nice knowing you, Dennis.

DEREK OLIVER

THEO
'The Good The Bad And The Ugly'
(Veps VEPS 018-88)
KKK3/4

THE BONK Monster has been furnishing me with some rather dodgy albums of late so Theo – a five-piece from Norway who push a potent mix of traditional, almost Suvern, bar-room boogie with the altogether more modern feel of a U2 or perhaps a Magnum – came as something of a pleasant surprise.

For the most part, this rather bizarre hybrid works exceedingly well too, producing an album that feels most comfortable when listened to in its entirety rather than selecting the odd tune out of context.

However, when pushed, it must be noted that 'Another Story Of Love' is probably the tune your head will retain longest. The kind of thing U2 might have done a few years ago, it's catchy, the vocals (from the unfortunately named Harald Dose) are forceful yet melodic, the thing is most definitely radio-palatable and, given the right breaks, is powerful enough to crack the lower reaches of popular chartdom.

Elsewhere the title track is a good gritty rawk 'n' roller, 'Mountains' is a dynamic ballad cut from the same cloth as Magnum's 'The Spirit', whilst 'Born To Rock' manages to outlive its rather hamfisted title to provide a juicy rocker with some tasty Rose Tattoo slide-guitar.

Any more like this, Alison?

PAUL MILLER

FLAMES
'Summon The Dead'
(Black Dragon BD 035)
KK1/4

BOASTING FIVE more exceedingly likely candidates for the prized 'Ugliest Man In Rock' accolade, Flames are not perhaps the best advertisement for the Metal scene in Greece.

'Summon The Dead' is the band's third album (if you don't include their limited edition 'Live In The Slaughterhouse' effort, that is) and really Flames ought to be a little further up the road by now.

From its tackier than tacky cover through to almost every groove on the damn record, 'Summon . . .' is basically a run through of every endearing cliché known to Thrash. Flames are suckers for silly intros and are obviously enjoying a pretty serious affair with Slayer too. Flames despatch Thrash, Thrash and more Thrash, often clumsily executed and with preciously few ideas to offset their unswerving loyalty to the genre.

Flames certainly do have their moments (most notably in the seven-and-a-half minute 'Legend II' that opens the second side: some neat acoustic moments, some Anthraxesque Moshy bitz and a half decent solo that at least gives them a little width with which to expand on), but for the most part are simply too damn derivative of what's gone before them.

PAUL MILLER

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VIEW FROM THE BAR

The gossip column that doesn't deal in hearsay, rumour or innuendo. But FACTS – we gottem!

■ *GREAT BOG in Devon, boozers, it's time to strap on the industrial style safety-goggles and raise the giant-size sick bags to the mouth, cos it's* ***Ugliest Men In Rock*** *time again . . .*

An' believe us, we didn't publish this pic lightly. I mean, this band are so bog-ugly they nearly printed pictures of ***Lemmy*** *wearing a* ***Dave Reynolds*** *wig without turning a hair . . .*

Check the woodstock dress-sense and the hair by ***Grizzly Adams*** *. . . but worst of all check out these ugly-bug mugs. Flippin' 'eck, it's enough to make* ***Dirty Harry*** *join the Salvation Army!*

Speaking of ol' Harry, this lot absolutely deny that they later left the music business and formed ***Magnum****. Absolutely.*

■ DIDN'T WE always say the 'Bar was loved by millions! Well, we have proof absolute of that very FACT! A sweetly scented missive wafted its way into the 'Bar's kulture department from Macclesfield versifier **Mike Millions**! Oh, how **Krusher** sniffed at the very polite yet seductive rose-petal fragrance of that envelope, oh how he pleaded to be the one to open it.

"Oh!" cried Krusher on readin' the contents, and in a voice rich with emotion, enhanced with wistful gestures of his surgeon/pianist-like hand he did recite a poem. Yes 'a poem', boozers, entitled quite extraordinarily and yet with stunning simplicity. . . 'The 'Bar'.

'If your name's been in the 'Bar
You truly are a mega-star,
Or someone who is real hot nooze
Famed for knockin' back da booze,
The 'Bar don't jive, it deals in FACTS,
And volume turned up to the max,
The 'Bar kicks ass right on the mark
But nothing rhymes with Hargh! Hargh! Hargh!'

The 'Bar was in complete awe, as Krusher dramatically yet stylishly swung the piece of paper to his side in a manner which conjured up visions of a proud and noble bull fighter, chin high, swishin' a lush scarlet cape over a broad masculine shoulder.

And he stared a stare that demanded the appreciation the rhapsodic masterpiece deserved.

The sultry, provocative silence only being broken by one **Sir Geoffrey Of Barton**:

"Er. . .is that another reply to the 'Thrash Writer' ad?" spoke the man in an off-hand casual manner, belyin' his obvious respect for the piece.

We tip our hat to you, Mr Millions. And if any other talented budding poet laureates would like to stimulate the 'Bar's new-found appreciation of the arts, please, do not hesitate in sending your work to us in a self-addressed envelope.

■ OOOOH, US pro-boozers at 'Bar HQ just luuuuurve a last minute surprise lig. So you can imagine the state of our undies when, at the **Daaaaavid Leeeee Roooooth** Wembley gig, we discovered there was an' after gig PAAAAAAAARTEEE!!! Cos y'know us, we just wanna dance the night away!

'Course, there was the 20 minute wait in the 'decontamination area' before we could get a-swig-swiggin' and a lig-lig-liggin' in a room of 'comfortable' size and mirrored to **Ray Zell**'s satisfaction.

A noticeable lack of posey ol' rock star types, only **Iron McBrain**'s **Nicko McMaiden**, 'handsome' **Mick 'Another Pass For My Collection' Ransome** from the **Tattooed Love Liggers**, **Paul 'Syrup' Quinn** from **Claxon**, **Flash Mindwarp** or **Zodiac Bastard**, **KK** of **Marionette** and ol' 'side-burns' **Lez Warner**, ex-drummer of the **Cult**, fittin' the particular bill.

Strange though, as young **Spike** an' **Ginger** of the **Partyboys** were at the show an' should've been minglin' and a-tinglin' with the liggers 'n' swiggers! Although we did hear a curious rumour (and you *know* us 'Bar-babies have nothin' whatsoever to do with rumour!) that security were ordered to 'only let girls in from now on' as there were more than enough willies (but not of the **Grip**) hangin' out owready.

But those of any substantial importance that did slip the net were all *Kerrang!* boogie-boozers in the pished an' partyin' shape of **Neil 'I'm In Charge' Jeffries** and his missus **Debs 'Oh, You're So Masterful' Jeffries**, **Skarlet**, **El 'He Touched Me!' Rose**, **Krusher 'Cute In A Suit' Joule**, **Mick 'I'm Not Drunk, But I'm Not Sober Either' Wall**, **Ray 'Is There A Mirror In The Powder Room?' Zell**, **Alison 'Wish Joooe Were 'Ere' Joy** and **Phil 'Kick Some Butty' Wilding**.

And this week's 'Bar worrabunchageezers award goes to David Lee and the boys who were positively charmin', sociable and preeetty fuggin' cool.

Cheers, guys!

■ WHILE WE'RE still Rothin' and a bop-bop-boppin', the ever extended grimy 'Bar lughole hears that our very own (who else'd ave 'im?) **Micky 'Friend Of**

■ *SHEESH, BOOZERS, the 'Bar HQ postie had a rough week this week. Only having to bring us* ***Krusher Joule****'s fan mail has meant the poor old sod has been able to go into semi-retirement lately.*

Imagine the poor geezer's shock when he found his back breaking under the weight of letters demanding the return of our latest, some say greatest, photo-series. So here it is folks, ***Great Bums In Rock****!*

Yup, boozers, feast yer eyes on those sexy curves, that fulsome shape. This bot could only belong to one person. Go on, guess . . .

Whaddaya mean, it is ***Lisa Dominique****?! Any fool can see it's a guitarist in* ***Iron Maiden*** *whose initials aren't* ***AS*** *. . .*

KERRANG! "this is without a doubt the Sleaze album of the 80's KKKKK"

Photo by Mike Prior

THE SINGLE 'THRILL OF THE THRILL' FROM THEIR DEBUT ALBUM

THE DIRTY STRANGERS

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The Stars' Wall had a night out on the town with the ever-dazzlin' Diamond one.

Along with Roth's lady-at-arms **Arlette 'Thanks For The Ratt Review, Zell!' Vereecke** and Mick's lady **Bunny**, the ol' party-mercenaries went bar-hoppin'. From the Mayfair hotel bar (oooooh!) they sat their fat bottoms in Roth's limo (oooooh!) and it was warp-factor-of-their-choice to Stringfellows. Well, yeah, reeeeeally rock 'n' roll. Mick! Hargh! Hargh!

Did anyone know who rapper Roth was, the ever inquisitive 'Bar wondered?

"Well yeah, half of 'em did," informs Mick 'Dave's My Buddy' Wall, "but the other half were more interested in themselves. I mean, the rich Arabs wouldn't know David Lee Roth from a Page Three girl!"

Yeah, well, when Dave bops back to Blighty, the 'Bar is gonna take 'im down **Buttz 'n' Spike**'s club in Soho's Dean Street to see how the sequinned wonder cuts it with some real kid-on-the-street-down 'n' dirty-rock 'n'-fuggin'-rowlers! Hell, we might even let 'im bring his pal Mick Wall along! Hargh!-bloody-Hargh!

■ VFTB HAD a hearty 'Hargh, Hargh!' the other golden wintery morn at **Elaine 'Evita' Paige**'s TV-AM appearance.

"It's so hard to find good original material these days. . .so I went out and bought every **Queen** elpee and then made a whole album of Queen cover versions," explains Ms Paige.

"Oh, I'd be interested to know which tracks," says Wacaday's **Timmy Mallett**, genuinely interested.

"**'Radio Ga-Ga'**, **'Melancholy Blues'**, **'Bohemian Rhapsody'**. . . ."

"**'Seven Seas Of Rhye'**?" wonders our Timmy.

"What's that?" asks a casual Elaine.

Hargh! Hargh! Haaaarghhh! What did'ja say? You're more interested in why we were up that early? Hargh! Cos we hadn't been to bleedin' bed yet, boozers, had we?!

This is the 'Bar, and we NEVER sleep, cos to us life is one big non-stop rip-roarin' p-p-aaaarteeeee!!!!

■ WORRABOUT OUR kute 'n' kuddly designer-stubbled krusader of things *Kerrang!*y, **Krusher**, and his increasingly notorious Greater London Radio show – **Krusher's Earbashin' Hour**!

Hey, baby, you're not hip if you ain't tuned in on a Sunday afternoon from 4 – 5! It's officially the time of day to crack open a bottle o' Jack or unleash a few cans of Texas Longhorn to wash down the wild boar ya had for Sunday din-dins and do a singalong with Uncle Krusher! WOOOOOOARGH! And the acclaim is pourin' more liberally than the JD 'n' Longhorn; anyone set peepers on *The Independent* nooze rag t'other week?

Our Krush is lovingly assessed as *'an animal following closely the Muppet character of that name, and sounds like a Viking Sergeant Major'*. YEAHH!

And after they go on to describe the show in graphic detail, the item concludes with, *'The idea, sometimes canvassed, that this branch of broadcasting is designed to stupefy its listeners is oddly conceived. On the contrary, it requires nerves of steel'*.

Right on, *and* hearts of Metal! Sadly, you poor ol' sods living outside London or on the planet Mongo wouldn't 'ave heard Krusher's prog when his extra-speshal guest was his very personal boozin' buddy (and everybody else's!) **-Diamond David 'It's A Rap' Lee Rooooth**!

"He's comin'!" raved Krush before the great man's arrival. "He's comin'. . . . he's comin'. . . . he's. . . he's. . . HE'S COME!" roared Krush orgazmikally, while givin' his deck a quick wipe with a J-cloth! Eeeeeeee-YUK!

Anyways, the ol' party animulz were shootin' the rap an' spinnin' just about every Roth toon ever committed to vinyl. And the whole of rockin' London pipped their horns and partied along – well, except for **Ray 'Critical' Zell**, who likes to pretend he doesn't love Dave any more. Contrary ol' bastard. . . . .!

■ AND WHILE we're on the subject of Ray Zell, the man who is to 'legend' what **Dave Reynolds** is to 'good dress sense', wot's dis we hear about his meetin' with Mr and Mrs **John** and **Carol Bongiovi**, AKA **Jon Bon Jovi**'s ma 'n' pa, in a London pub recently?

Natch, ever modest, ever shy 'n' sensitive Zell has been keepin' the happening a closely guarded secret – not bein' one for publicity or sensationalism. But the 'Bar's special interrogation squad managed to squeeze the details from the bugger.

"Well, it was in the Oporto at High Holborn, I was introduced to the absolutely luvverly Mrs B by **Carol 'Brilliant!' Clerk** (of the *MM* publication – which isn't *Mega Metal*) as 'Ray Zell, a journalist from *Kerrang!*'.

"Oooh," said Mrs B, with a gleam. "You're cute. You should be in a band."

"My witnesses to this are **CJ** (of the **Tattooed Love Bananas**) and Clerkie, who were standin' either side of us," claimed the blushin' Zell. "The Bongiovis, includin' 14-year-old son **Matty**, who reluctantly took a photo of Mrs B and myself at her request, were evidently in town cos sonny-boy Jon was recordin' a video for **'Born To Be My Baby'** or somethin'.

"Anyway, she also invited me to visit the Bongiovi residence any time I was in the land of the Holy **Chirazi**-Burger, cos 'There's always spaghetti on the stove'.

"And did I mention she told me I was cute and should be in a band? As simply as that. 'You're cute. You should be in a band'. I tell ya . . . ."

Ray . . . SHUT THE FUG UPPP!!!!

■ BREAK IN the Kleenex, boozers! Tales of woe and despair have begun seepin' through the ol' transatlantic wires as **Larry 'Bar Star' Miller** of **Uncle Sam** bells us to tell us how much he misses us all, bless his mammoth-wool socks:

"I didn't think too much of London," the original pet-bearded one relates, "but I loved you guys at the 'Bar! How's my ol' buddy **Flusher**?"

So where are ya? We thought you had to dash back for a tour . . .

"Oh-aaachooo! We're in Kentucky now, it's freezin' and I've got triple (who's countin'?) pneumonia and I just wanna go home! Some of the bars we were booked in at we couldn't even find on the map! And this show in Kentucky, we got here four days early and visited the bar we were supposed to be playing on Tuesday, and the manager says, 'I never heard of ya – and we don't have live bands on Tuesdays!'.

"On top of that, we wrecked our tour bus (a yellow school bus like the **Partridge Family** use!)! Y'see, we had it done out all luxurious, even a portable 'John' for emergencies, and after the last gig I went to pick up our payment – which I thought was quite important. But when I got back, **Scott** (**Cessna** – 'Sam vocalist) thought I'd just tried to get out of loadin' the bus! So we had a fist fight! The interior of the van is history!"

There are 10 million stories on the 'Bar desk, this has just been one of them . . .

■ *WELL LOOKY here, it's* ***Jon 'My Mom Thinks Ray Zell Is Cute And Should Be In A Band' Bonk Jovi*** *lookin' well excited at his visit to Santa's Christmas grotto. Jovial Jon, pictured here with* ***Santa****'s helper* ***Eric The Elf****, exclusively revealed to the 'Bar that he told Santa all he wanted for Kerristmas is a toothbrush, a new leather jacket and a platinum album.*

If poor ol' deprived Jonny-kins can't have all three, we here at the 'Bar recommend he goes for the jacket!

BRICK OUTHOUSE

by Kevin B Flannery

SINGLEZ

Reviewed by PHIL WILDING

THE BOMB PARTY: 'Sugar Sugar' (Normal)

The boys with the Bomb plus the female double of Voice Of The Beehive, and a fine little sparkler it is too. A bloody murder of a song I once gurgled to in the '70s. It has an impending air of pain, it hints that when you answer the door there really will be someone standing there with a knife. It crawls from the speakers; a mess that vibrates to a halt and then topples over clutching at its chest. I am disturbed in the finest way, I am unstuck with this, I am being taken away soon. Brill.

FORCEFIELD II: 'Heartache' (President)

I thought all these people were dead; Ray Fenwick (Ian Gillan Band), Jan Akkerman (Focus), Tony Martin (one of the Black Sabbaths) and Cozy Powell (half the known universe). Apparently, this comes from an album called 'The Talisman' and is one of the many ballads on offer. Odd, I've never even heard Derek 'Fluffy Is Not My Middle Name' Oliver even mention them. But, ride on, and this is very *nice*, pleasant, lovely, pretty, sweet, very, very nice. All the things they said about green wellies when they came out, the type of description they tossed at crimpelene flares, orange platform boots, the crease in Neil 'Lita, Lita, You Just Can't Beat Her' Jeffries' jeans.

CRY: 'Tell Me Lies' (Top Notch)

Not the Cry of Myrtle 'Ooh Steve Vai, Ooh, Gurgle, Gasp, Oooh' Bonk fame. These are AMERICANS. Big deal. But perhaps I'm being a little too harsh, a little too f**knasty (Polish for 'not at all a lovely fella'). They've got a neat guitar sound, a keyboard that sounds like a bad Casio, a very promising singer – imagine if Hetfield ever decided to tread AOR waters – and a song that had me serenading the cat within minutes of it hitting the Death Deck (Standard Home Issue). The only thing that bothers me, apart from the fact that I think Del Doobie-Doo likes it, is that they're all called Ameruoso. Does this mean that they hanker after the Ramones, or, gasp, the Beverly Sisters? They can't all be brothers, go on, you're teasing me. No, really? Wonder what *their* sister looks like? Oh yes, expect an album, 'No Tears', I'm sure Dingley will tell you all about it.

EIGHTH ROUTE ARMY: 'Jesus De Milo' and 'Prodigal Son' (One Dimensional)

'JDM' is the first of two singles that suddenly slapped down on Barton's grand and impressive teak high chair. "Blow me," he gasped, fiddling with his diaper, "They're both off an album called 'Chernobyl Cookbook', is that the same as Mrs Beeton?". After we'd heavily sedated him we threw these singles onto THE DEATH DECK (Big 'Bar HQ Impressive Thing). It ricocheted all over the office, screamed, "One-two-three-four", and has us donning black leather and kicking the windows out. It cut Marc 'Well, That Saved Me A Couple Of Quid' Gregory's hair and caused Krusher to start thinking he was a DJ.

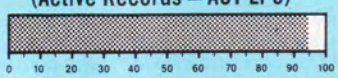
So we thought, by God, let's hump the other thing into place, and out came 'Prodigal Son'. The wind stopped blowing, the furniture settled back into place and we all gazed at the topless girl with the needle in her arm on the cover and said, "Ugh!". What the bloody hell happened? Geoff came around and began to moan loudly that he wanted his dummy – so we gave him the guy from *Auto Express*. If it hadn't been for that first one they'd have been dismissed totally out of hand. Send me the album, we shall drink to (some of) this stuff.

THE BEATNIGS: 'Television' (Alternative Tentacles)

A grunge heap that threatens like a serial killer. It puts me in mind of the UTFO collaboration with Anthrax in the good old days; sensible lyrics and a guitar shouting, 'KILL!'. It's all about the crap that comes out of the TV tube 24 hours a day and drags in steel pipes, a guitar you could lose a limb to and a heavy hypnotic talk-over. Real Heavy Baby, mega-Metal, though not for the purists amongst you. A headbutt, crushed nuts: '*. . . where Sesame Street is more real than Hill Street*'. I've got to get down that road. This happens, bad.

COMPLEX . . . ORIGINAL . . . INTENSE!

HEXENHAUS
Tribute To Insanity
(Active Records – ACT LP6)



Not a thrash LP in the conventional sense, "A Tribute To Insanity" is a mixture of the complex riffing of METALLICA, the power metal of a band like SWORD and the rawness of, say, early VENOM or even, dare I say it, CELTIC FROST. Throw in some MERCYFUL FATE type song structures and off-the-wall guitar solos and you come up with a surprisingly fresh sound. (This LP will fill the gap for those who like me think KING DIAMOND have lost their way a bit with "Them" or just can't stomach King's vocals.)

The seven tracks contained on this LP should appeal to metal fans everywhere. Although powerful, HEXENHAUS never lose control and they play extremely tight metal with dual riffing guitars predominate in the clean mix most of the time.

So what of the songs? Well, let's take my favourite first. The ten minute or so epic "As Darkness Falls" is genuine orgy of different riffs and ideas. Never boring, this song has so many changes, but flows perfectly, taking me back to the legendary days of FATE's "Don't Break The Oath". but this is made more accessible by the rough but refined vocals of Nicke Johannson who sounds like Cronos if he could sing.

The nearest HEXENHAUS get to total mayhem is on the tracks "Incubus" and "Eaten Alive", both fine examples of raw thrash metal. Not raw as in badly produced, quite the opposite in fact, the LP has a crisp modern sound, but raw as in high energy and excitement.

"Requiem" is far slower with some almost doomy riffs included, whilst "The Dead Are Restless" verges on the borders of death metal, a la POSSESSED etc, but just stays in the confines of HM. "Delerious" and "Death Walks Among Us" complete the line-up, both solidly powerful and catchy.

So all in all, an LP full of ideas which all come together to provide a *genuinely* essential buy. As I said before, there's been some excellent releases this year – "A Tribute To Insanity" is definitely one of them.

Metal Forces
August 1988

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● Line Three – **0898 121321** – the competition line, this week offerin' ya the chance to win one of five copies of Marillion's new double album, 'The Thieving Magpie', each one personally signed by Susan Stranks! (Joke for '70s Children's TV buffs.)

● Line Four – **0898 121322** – this week's album preview line features more Prog Rock overkill in the form of widdly-widdly segments from that very same Marillion LP 'The Thieving Magpie'. Not only that, but every caller will hear a personal spoken intro by none other than Tony Bastable! (Second joke for '70s Children's TV buffs.)

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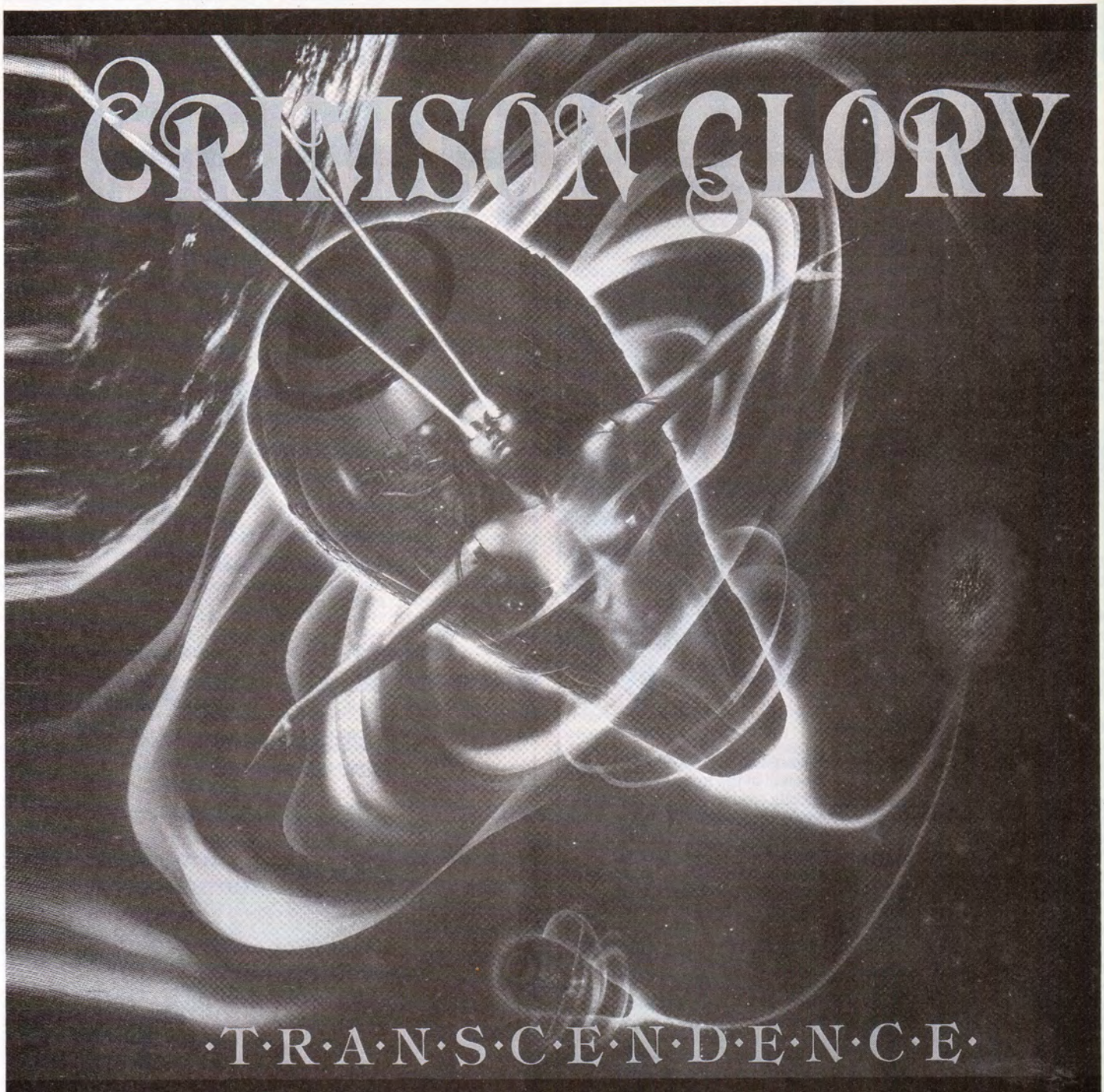

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BOOKS!

'THE TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB MUSIC GUIDE 1989'
THERE HAVE been many attempts to put together a decent guide to the maze-like workings of the music business aimed at those poor unfortunates at the sharp end – the performers. Some have been helpful; most have been useless. 'The Town And Country Club Guide', put together by the people from one of London's better music venues, is perhaps one of the best.

Basically you've got three sections: at the back there's a week-to-a-page diary; in the middle there's a selective directory – from accountants and record pressing plants to equipment hire companies, record companies and venues; and at the beginning – in the right place – are 100 pages of very readable information to serve as an introduction to topics ranging from getting gigs, hiring a studio and releasing your own records, to copyright laws, management/publishing/recording contracts and associated prime areas of rip-off.

The directory section, as I mentioned, is selective (a more comprehensive listing of organisations such as record companies, PR companies etc can be found in the *Music Week* Directory), but the introductory section is highly informative, well written in plain, understandable English, with a bias towards the beginner without being patronising.

As long as any potential purchaser remembers that it is a *guide*, anyone involved in the business of getting a band off the ground should find it very useful.

PAUL HENDERSON

The combined guide, directory and diary come in a smart loose-leaf (six-ring, takes Filofax pages) binder, and is available from the Town And Country Club (9-17 Highgate Road, London NW5) or by mail order from Norwood Mailing Co (T&C), 19 Canterbury Grove, West Norwood, London SE27 ONT, for £13.99 (plus £1.51 P&P). Cheques/POs payable to 'T&C Publications'.

'THE CORNELIUS CHRONICLES BOOKS ONE AND TWO' by Michael Moorcock (Fontana)
CORNELIUS REPRINTS seem to be like buses. You wait for ages, then they all appear at once. No longer will you have to lurk endlessly in your local second hand bookshop, or buy American imports with the exploding spines that fall apart after one reading.

But now you can get nice British non-exploding copies of 'The Final Programme', 'A Cure For Cancer', 'The English Assassin' and 'The Condition Of Muzak' in two handy volumes.

Jerry Cornelius is, for my money, one of the best characters anyone has come up with. Ever. Completely amoral, he is the most complex of all Moorcock's characters. Anyone who thought that all Moorcock was capable of was sword-wielding albinos should have a serious rethink. Anyone who's never read Moorcock should try this anyway.

It's fantasy – but not the hack and slay, dragons and men with big swords kind of fantasy. It's Sci-Fi – but not all spaceships and little green men. It's set on Earth – but on earths that though familiar in some ways are in many others completely different. Escapism for adults.

Most importantly they're great stories told by a great story teller.

My only grumble is that for some reason Fontana have decided not to reproduce the black and white drawings that go with 'The Final Programme'. Well? What are you waiting for? Get to the bookshop, now.

EL ROSE

'BILLY AND THE BOINGERS BOOTLEG' by Berke Breathed (John Brown Publishing)
THE SECOND book in the 'Bloom County' series (see review of first book in ish 213), and one which gives over a good half to the band Deathtöngue, who later, under pressure from a special senate hearing on Porn Rock, change their name to Billy And The Boingers.

The band is formed by Steve Dallas (songwriter/manager: penned the classic teen anthem, 'Let's Roll Over Lionel Richie With A Tank'); Opus Croakus (who looks unerringly like a stunted Gene Simmons – on rhythm tuba, ". . .despite the lipstick, hair, make-up. . .he isn't a sissy"); Hodge Podge (drums, lives for chicks, chicks, chicks and dough); and 'Wild' Bill Cat (singer, lead tongue, hear him raise the wigs on their new album, 'Pimples From Hell').

We follow their world tour (one gig sponsored by Odor Eaters) and sit in on the songwriting sessions and lyrical meddling of Opus.

Bill manages to gain backstage access to a gig by his hero, Ozzy. U2's The Edge even comments, ". . .these guys have a real message in their music. They don't, however, have neat names like me and Bono."

All of this, a free flexi-single and the usual cast of characters savaging the bigoted face of America.

Forget gripes about Monday mornings, dogs so big that their kennels won't fit . . .this will change the face of comic strips forever. Simply compulsive reading.

PHIL WILDING

THE HIDDEN: go on punk, make my day – hum another song from the Kylie Minogue album

FILMZ!

'THE HIDDEN' (Palace) 18
ANYONE HERE remember the days when horror/Sci-Fi movies were actually fun? When directors threw in abundant gags to give your pulse a rest from the shock content (and allow your blood to continue flowing when your girl loosens that vice-like grip on your arm)?. . .Those halcyon days when aliens would pop down to earth, occupy a few humans, and we didn't feel the need for explanations or reasons. Ah, that trusty old friend 'nostalgia'.

Well before treating your video to another screening of 'The Day The Earth Stood Still', 'Invaders From Mars' or 'Invasion Of The Body Snatchers'. . .wanna hear of a great alternative?

It's called 'The Hidden'. An almost perfect blend of contemporary cinematographic capabilities and '50s B-movie attitude.

Almost perfect because of the film's over-emphasis on the relationship between the two hero cops; and the candy-coated 'happy ending' that is almost as nauseating as the 'alien' effects that the film boasts.

In classic old Sci-Fi tradition the plot is nice and simple:a bad alien is pursued by a good alien. Don'tcha love it? You an' me both!

The bad alien is down here to inhabit some convenient human bodies, kill a few people (natch) and generally have a good time with a view to ultimate world control. ET he is definitely not: listening to Heavy Metal music at nose-bleed volume, drinking beer, chasing women and driving a red Ferrari.

And *ugly?* Boy is there a serious image problem on that planet. He also spends his time vacating 'used' bodies and entering healthy new ones via the mouth (in a scene guaranteed to have you parting company with that ice-cream you had earlier).

Oh yeah, it's slime time again folks, with Kevin ('Nightmare On Elm Street's II and III, 'Trick Or Treat') Yagher on hand with gross-out alien effects.

Naturally, the good guy alien – living in the body of FBI agent 'Lloyd', played by Kyle ('Blue Velvet') McLachlan, and sent by the mother planet to track down his old adversary – is suitably wimpish and has you rooting for ol' slug features even more.

And even though the film resorts to opting for a real cop-out (sic) ending (which admittedly does leave you feeling more than a little cheated) it still unassumingly offers itself as 97 minutes of pure escapist fun.

Anyone remember the days when horror/Sci-Fi films were actually fun? 'The Hidden' is a welcome reminder. Just sit back, enjoy and pray for the revolution.

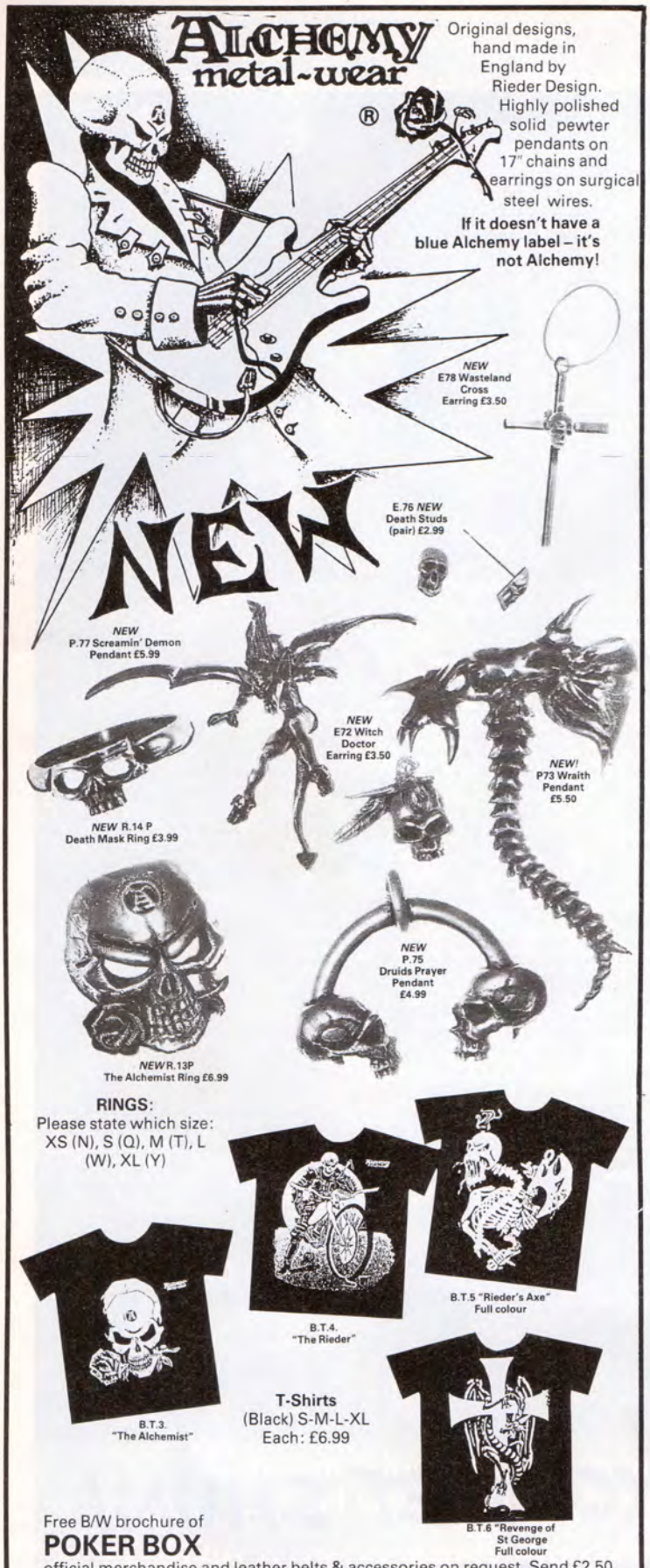
LEX PATHOS

KOMPETISHUN!

WIN A portable cassette/radio!!!!

Yup, just like the one stolen by the Ferrari drivin', Metal listenin', homicidal maniac bad guy alien in Palace Pictures' new horror thriller movie 'The Hidden', which opens nationwide November 25. All ya got to do is make up a caption for the picture above (where the good alien finds himself full of bullet holes, but still very much alive). The best one wins the ghettoblaster, and a limited edition long-sleeved T-shirt of the movie. 19 runners-up will also receive a T-shirt.

Send your entry on a postcard to: The Hidden Kompetishun, Kerrang!, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ. All entries must be in by first post Friday December 9.



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CRIMS' of the CENTURY

'Heavy Metal with the caress of a silk glove' we said a month ago when throwing a splendid four-and-a-half Ks at 'Transcendence', the second album from Florida's CRIMSON GLORY. Now DEREK OLIVER goes one better by rating the masked men higher than the mighty Queensrÿche

WHAT I'M about to say will undoubtedly make me a very unpopular person around some parts. It would appear to me, and I'm not one who is usually drawn to make such rash remarks, that Queensrÿche are in danger of slowly suffocating themselves to death.

Three albums into their career, and they've already achieved more than most bands could hope for in an entire lifetime. What's more, their last album, the unconvincing 'Operation; Mindcrime', has left them enveloped in a difficult set of circumstances. Where to go next is the big problem and the only answer appears to be backwards.

This, of course, is where we introduce the notion of Crimson Glory, the unrivalled lynch-men from Florida who first packed a massive punch two years ago with the release of their debut album. Catching most folk off-guard, that album scored big marks on the 'who the f**k are this lot?' meter. Specialising in big bold tracks, some lasting a side splitting six minutes, with difficult to pronounce fantasy titles like 'Azreal' and 'Valhalla' the general consensus of opinion was that these guys are special.

Not as special as perhaps Queensrÿche, who they inadvertently resembled, but distinguished enough to win them major press interest and a European release via Roadrunner records.

Personally I was awestruck by Crimson Glory. They offered something to me that even Queensrÿche had been totally ignoring. Simply, these guys managed to mix the heaviest of Metal with a degree of pomposity not heard since the great days of Styx or even Kansas. Most, those suffering from a bad case of musical ignorance, appeared to make a point of ignoring this facet preferring to argue that any band with the gall to wear polished steel facemasks must be,er, a bit of a joke. Far from it pal, far from it.

In Crimson Glory there is substance and vision. They are not a poor man's Queensrÿche, neither are they particularly reminiscent of Iron Maiden during the widdly-widdly bits as some have said, and any pauper who has taken the trouble to listen to their lyrics will surely testify that this band are definitely going somewhere fast.

Make no mistake, Crimson Glory are set to take Metal into the '90s and beyond. The origins of Crimson Glory were detailed in Johnson's feature (issue 135) but please allow me to sketch some quick background info.

FORMED IN 1982, or thereabouts, the band (consisting of vocalist Midnight, guitarists Jon Drenning and Ben Jackson, bassist Jeff Lords and drummer Dana Burnell) soon found themselves working night and day on high quality self-financed demos which eventually attracted Florida-based indie PAR Records who signed them in 1986. Suddenly however, matters took a turn for the worse as, according to guitarist Jon Drenning, the label only pressed an initial 4,000 copies backing it up with nil press, promotion or distribution.

More by luck than pure design, Roadrunner stepped in and licensed the LP for European release. The label then stood back in amazement as the album suddenly became one of their strongest sellers. Roadrunner then brought Crimson Glory to tour with Europe primarily as support to Metallica, Metal Church, Anthrax and Celtic Frost.

Despite the silly masks, the flowery lyrical content and skilful arrangements there was something about these guys that made sense.

Returning to Florida Summer of '87 the band experienced problems of an altogether more mercantile nature. A long running feud with PAR Records reached boiling point when it was discovered that major label licensing interest had been ignored and no plans or money were at hand for the recording of

CRIMSON GLORY's 'Transcendence' concept symbolises "passing beyond the range of known competition or limitations, earning, the supreme merit of quality" (Wot, like a gold star? – Confused Ed)

their second album. Already, a planned four track EP had been scuppered at the 11th hour and this, natch, appeared to be the last straw.

"What we did," manager Warren Wyatt told me, "was to freeze them out. We had to make a move – either that, or endanger the band's career. I got on the case and asked Roadrunner to finance the recording directly and they agreed. From that point on things have been running extremely well."

Let's get some details on that projected EP from Jon Drenning.

"The record was going to be called 'United Nations'," he says slurping on a coke. "I had written all the songs and they all followed a political concept. You can get the general drift if I tell you the titles. We had songs called 'Eternal World' and 'Red Sharks' which are actually on the new album, and two others – the title track and 'Freedom Fighters'.

"The idea, of course, was to link the first album with the new one but it all got kinda messed up."

'TRANSCENDENCE', CRIMSON Glory's latest album, follows the general principles laid down by their debut yet appears to be a work of maturer minds and better musicianship.

For me, 'Transcendence' has its biggest plus factor in that they've steared clear of sounding like Iron Maiden this time around – although, and it must be said, the similarities to Queensrÿche, especially on tracks like 'Lonely', are still glaringly apparent.

"In many ways I take that kind of criticism as a compliment because I certainly admire Queensrÿche," says Jon. "But please, any suggestion that we've copied them is utter rubbish. It's the same old story. I'm confident people will soon realise that it's our style and if you really listen you can tell it's definitely Crimson Glory.

"The comparison we get most accused of is that Midnight (vocalist) sings like Geoff Tate. However, I seem to remember that Geoff Tate was originally accused of sounding like Rob Halford on Priest's 'Sad Wings Of Destiny' LP. These days, of course, nobody can be bothered to mention that."

Expertly fended, if I may say so, but don't forget that Crimson Glory have had plenty of time to organise their defence tactics. The other area where they've been maligned is for those funny Ned Kelly face masks, a stunt originally performed by comic book heros Kiss. This time around they've modified them. What's the scam, Jon?

"It's part of our overall development," he answers gamely. "It's just the growing up process, changing with the times and all that. Maybe next time we'll take them off.

"I think we've developed extremely well so far, the album is much better than the first and we've still got room to improve.. I want to be in a position where we can deliver better albums all the time."

THE MOMENT I first heard Crimson Glory I made the rather astute assumption that they were probably a Christian Metal band. Their lyrics indicated this to be so (check out 'Azreal') and the fact they wore masks somehow fuelled my suspicions. Even Jon Drenning has admitted previously that the band's name stands for the blood of the lamb and for the risen glory of the lamb, Jesus Christ. Are you or aren't you?

"Well, nobody in the band is Christian (Note: they are all Roman Catholic or Lutherians) and I'm personally more into Far Eastern philosophy than organised Western religions.

"We know right from wrong and frankly that's all you need to know. However, the lyrics mean different things to different people but we do try to project a fairly positive message."

Did you find playing shows with the likes of Celtic Frost and Metal Church at odds with your positive aspirations?

"The crowds were certainly Thrash-orientated and our philosophy at that time was just to go out and kick some serious ass. We were faced with a situation that we had to deal with very positively but to be honest I'd like to play shows with bands who are more in tune with our particular style of Metal."

Finally, will you tell us about the 'Transcendence' concept?

"The whole thing symbolises passing beyond the range of known competition or limitations, earning, in fact, the supreme merit of quality. The album sleeve is really the key to the whole thing, all the symbols and writing are a combination of Hebrew and Egyptian.

"Each circle, and there are 10 of them one for each song, attributes itself to a state of consciousness – be it beauty, divinity or glory – and the top circle represents perfection.

"The idea of course is to discipline yourself and reach that final circle."

I'm on my way, Jon, I'm on my way.

"I certainly admire Queensrÿche, but please, any suggestion that we've copied them is utter rubbish . . . people will soon realise that it's our style" – JON DRENNING

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DAN REED: "We've had people tell us we sound like a combination of Aerosmith and the Gap Band!"

DAN: but where's Mr Dunnell?

Pix Ross Halfin

NETWORK HEAVEN

Breaking down the walls of segregation with their multi-racial mix and funk-filled rock fusion, US five-piece DAN REED NETWORK have finally had their debut LP released in the UK, and are currently on a European jaunt. DAVE REYNOLDS tunes into Dan The Mainman

READERS! READERS! Can I have your attention, please? Thank you.

Check this out! At the end of last month Phonogram here in the UK finally decided, after six months or so of dithering, to release the debut album from American hot shots Dan Reed Network.

Up 'til the beginning of this month DRN (not to be confused with Dumpy's Rusty Nuts of course!) were little more than another in a long line of US unknowns in this country of ours with nothing but a cult following through import sales of the 'Dan Reed Network' debut album, a record that's been out in the States almost a year now.

But at last the news filtered through that, yes, the album would be released in the UK (preceded by the brilliant 'Get To You' single) and – well, douse me in a bottle of Krusher's Dirty Sock Water – DRN would be playing their first ever show on British soil on November 25 at the Marquee in London!

It's been claimed that Dan Reed Network's music is 'funk-fuelled rock 'n' roll that defies categorisation', and that because of this they would find it extremely difficult to gain any kind of success.

Not so. The album hit the *Billboard* chart with a bullet and the two singles, 'Ritual' and 'Get To You', have been extremely successful debut outings within the major market.

The band are neither outright funk nor full-speed-ahead rock, but fuse the two styles somewhere in the middle, producing one of the most exciting sounds of 1988.

Dan Reed Network are a multi-racial act. Reed himself is of Hawaiian origin. An adopted child, he was born in Portland but spent much of his early life living on a farm in South Dakota before finding employment in a Burger King restaurant and discovering rock 'n' roll. The rest of the band comprises Brion James (guitar), Melvin Brannon II (bass), Japanese-born Blake Sakamoto (keyboards) and Daniel Pred (drums).

"Daniel and I have known each other since Seventh Grade in school," Reed relates. "We met in a music store in South Dakota one day – and when you meet another musician in South Dakota you instantly put a band together! Ha! Ha! Daniel is actually the only white guy in the band, I might add!

"Anyway, we decided to move to Oregon because the music scene wasn't exactly booming in South Dakota, which is where we met the other guys who are in the band now.

"BEFORE THIS band got together we all used to be in cover bands; Daniel and I used to play Van Halen, AC/DC, Doobie Brothers and Sly Stone material in the past. It wasn't until this group got together that we actually started getting into the funk and R'n'B stuff that Melvin introduced us to, stuff like the Gap Band, ConFunktion and things on that level. And I turned him on to bands like Mothers Finest."

I think that the biggest comparison you've received style-wise has been the 'Bon Jovi meets Prince' description.

"Oh yeah, we get that a lot. It's kind of funny because I really don't know how that came up."

Well, your voice and the harmony vocals combined with some vicious guitar riffs are a touch Bon Jovi-ish, and the Prince aspect comes from the funky beats of songs such as 'Baby Don't Fade'.

"That's interesting. We've also had people tell us we sound like a combination of Aerosmith and the Gap Band! I dunno, maybe where the middle ground is between the likes of these bands is where we are. We've got influences from both sides, from Heavy Metal to funk."

I've often wondered why there's always this big stigma concerning bleak musicians in rock bands . . .

"I feel it's all due to the segregation that has built up in the last few years. When Jimi Hendrix came out he had a major white audience and so did Sly Stone and a lot of other black artists who were crossing all the barriers at the time. But then the disco era happened and rock 'n' roll went its own way, so that when dance music came back it was obviously going to be separated from rock 'n' roll, because of the disco thing.

"What people forget is that a band like Aerosmith used to be really funky and you could dance to their music, a fact proved by the Run-DMC cover of 'Walk This Way'. I hope that we'll be in the eye of the storm, so to speak, of the new bands that are coming out that are a reminder of what music is supposed to be all about – the 'do what you feel on the edge' stuff and not the safe 'follow the road' style that's been going on."

The music and songs on the DRN album seem to be written from a very street level. Most of them deal with love and sex ('Got To You', 'Forgot To Make Her Mine' etc), but there are also message tunes – 'I'm So Sorry', written about suicide, for instance – that do make the listener think about life.

"We all come from pretty poor backgrounds so that when we write together our songs convey how we see things. We stay on the street or in the alley."

HOW DO YOU feel about the delays in releasing the album in Britain and Europe?

"Well, that's a real sore point with the band because we expected the record to be out over here long before now! For some reason they held back. I still don't know the politics behind it all but I guess they must've been waiting for when we were able to come over here and play. I think we'll be doing some 15 European shows in all on this tour."

In between all the touring and promoting DRN, Dan has been courted by some of the American rock industry's biggest names in his capacity as a songwriter after the critical acclaim given to his work.

"I've been writing with John Waite, Neal Schon and Jonathan Cain recently on songs for John's new album," he beams. "I've also been working with Hall And Oates too. It's really nice to get respect for what you do from other musicians as well as from our fans.

"For our next record we've written so many songs we'll really have a tough job choosing which ones will go on the album. We're hoping to start recording at the end of January, but it does depend on what happens here in Europe. Because if this tour goes well then we could end up coming back here to play more shows."

Will the next record be funkier or heavier than the first?

"We'll be moving in both directions. The songs are funkier, but they've got a lot more guitar on them. Brion's playing is so good now that we're letting him go for it in almost every song!

"I can tell you that there will be some quite in-depth stuff on the album too. There's a song called 'Sing To Me', which I wrote after seeing the 'Imagine' movie about John Lennon.

"And also there's 'Let There Be No More Walls Between Us', which was written after Brion and I went down and lived in the bum part of Portland for a while with the street people, where we ate at the rescue missions and slept on the streets for four days to get a slice of life through their eyes. Some of the lines in the song, such as the title, were actually spoken by these guys."

HOW DO YOU think the world will be treating you next year Dan, when the second album comes out?

"Well we've been seen out on a small level in the States and I feel that there's this big storm brewing full of raw, middleground stuff like our music that's coming back, so we'll be there.

"We exist for that two hours on stage so hopefully a lot of people will get a little slice of life through our music or whatever. We intend to knock down some walls within the segregation of the music industry, make the people demand us.

"I know that when we play the Marquee the people who've heard us will be expecting a lot from us, but we'll be expecting a lot from them too. As long as they're giving out to us then we'll be bleeding for them. Come down and dance with us, cos we'll dance back!"

If you've heard the album already and have been turned on completely by DRN's funk-induced rock with its unforgettable hooks and riffs, try and seek out a five-track mini LP the band put out in 1986 on a small indie label (I know I'm still searching desperately for a copy to add to my collection) featuring such gems as 'Fire In The House', 'Eye On You' and 'Mind And Body'. It was produced by Mylon McClain, guitarist from the Daz Band, and is much more funky and raw than the brilliantly produced (by Bruce Fairbairn) album, but it's still DRN through and through.

It'll be interesting to see how Dan Reed and his crew fare at the Marquee. But the message, to my mind, is quite clear. To paraphrase the lyrics to 'The World Has A Heart Too':

'Everybody listen, not just a few, cos Dan Reed Network can kick ass too!

KLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

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THE WEEK IN METAL

Rockin' Retrospective by DEREK OLIVER

1942
November 27 **Jimi Hendrix** (originally named **Johnny Allan** Hendrix,later changed to **James Marshall** Hendrix by his father when he returned from World War II) born in Seattle, Washington. Perhaps the most innovative rock guitar player of all time, Hendrix started his career as a session player with the likes of **James Brown**, the **Isley Brothers** and **Little Richard**. He later formed the **Jimi Hendrix Experience** in 1966 in London under the guidance of manager **Chas Chandler.**

1968
Cream give their last concert at the **Royal Albert Hall**, London, November 26. The event is filmed by director **Tony Palmer** and released as **'Goodbye Cream'**.

1976
Rick Wakeman rejoins **Yes** November 25 as keyboardist after quitting the group three years earlier to pursue a solo career.

1977
Wide eyed pomp rock cowboys **Kansas** hit the big time with their fourth **Jeff Glixman**-produced album **'Point Of Know Return'** which goes platinum November 29. Also on the pomp rock front, Canadian anti-heroes **Rush** finally achieve gold status with **'All The World's A Stage'**, **'2112'** and **'A Farewell To Kings'**.

1981
Gillan, the band, are mid-way through a ground breaking 35-date UK tour promoting their latest album **'Double Trouble'**, featuring new guitar hero **Janick Gers**. Support acts are **Budgie** and **Nightwing**. Gillan will soldier on for one more year eventually undertaking another, largely disastrous, UK tour with vocalist **Ian Gillan** supposedly suffering from recurring voice and throat problems.

1982
Children of **Frank Zappa**, that's daughter **Moon Unit** – who wrote the wry Zappa classic **'Valley Girls'** on one of dad's albums – and her little brother **Dweezil** are collaborating on a single called **'My Mother Was A Space Cadet'**.

Ex-**Journey** drummer **Aynsley Dunbar** is shown the exit door from his latest band **Jefferson Starship**, clearing the way for **Donny Baldwin** an ex-member of the **Elvin Bishop** band. In the meantime, it is rumoured that Dunbar might secure the drum stool in **Asia**, the new supergroup being put together by **John Wetton** and **Steve Howe**.

Michael Des Barres, erstwhile vox with now defunct British Glam merchants **Silverhead**, teams up with some muso buddies including **Steve Jones**, **Tony Sales**, **Clem Burke** and **Nigel Harrison** to form **Chequered Past**.

KANSAS: big sales, with '. . .Know Return' 11 years back

1983
Drummer **Clive Burr** (now a member of **Dee Snider**'s **Desperado**), after being unceremoniously ousted from **Iron Maiden**, announces details of his new band called Clive Burr's **Escape**. The line-up consists of Burr and ex-**Preying Mantis** members **Tino Troy** (guitar), **Chris Troy** (bass) and **Bernie Shaw** (vocals, now of course in **Uriah Heep**). The band eventually change their name to **Stratus** and release one album, **'Throwing Shapes'**, in 1985 before splitting.

Gary Moore signs with the newly formed 10 Records – an offshoot of the Virgin empire – and is mid-way through the recording of a new album tentatively titled **'Law Of The Jungle'** (it eventually appears as **'Victims Of The Future'**). All are happy except bassist **Neil Murray** who announces that he is to depart the Moore ranks due to differences with producer **Jeff Glixman**. Rumour suggests that **Bob Daisley** will be commandered to replace him.

The **Killer Dwarfs**, currently on a UK tour supporting **Iron Maiden**, release their self-titled debut album on Attic

1984
New Los Angeles band **Hurricane**, featuring famous brothers **Tony Cavazo** and **Robert Sarzo**, announce their drummer to be British born **John Shearer** (previously with **Steve Hackett** and **Wolf**). His tenure is short-lived before being replaced by **Jay Schellen**.

Gregg Giuffria changes the name of his new band from **Angel** to **Giuffria** for legal purposes. Their self-titled debut album is released this week on the MCA Camel label.

Heart part company with their old record company Epic to re-sign with Capitol.

1985
Girlschool lose the services of lead vocalist **Jackie Bodimead**, **Sodom** say goodbye to guitarist **Grave Violator**, and supreme Canadian rockers **Coney Hatch** are dropped by Vertigo.

Phil Lynott issues what will be his last ever record, a single titled **'Nineteen'** which was originally penned by **Grand Slam**, his post-**Thin Lizzy** band. Produced by **Paul Hardcastle** and featuring **Robin George** on guitar. The record is backed by an old but never before released Lizzy number written in 1969 called **'A Night In The Life Of A Blues Singer'**.

1986
Following the demise of **Alaska**, guitar hero **Bernie Marsden** (ex-**Whitesnake**) announces the formation of his new group **MGM**. He is joined by **Mel Galley** (guitar), **Neil Murray** (bass) and **John Marter** (drums). Murray, it is stressed, is on temporary loan from **David Coverdale**'s **Whitesnake**.

Details are leaked of **Helloween**'s return to the recording studio with producer **Tommy Hansen**. The band are said to be working on material for two albums, linked by a common concept, as **'Keeper Of The Seven Keys Parts I and II'**

1987
November 26, **Metallica** release their long awaited debut home video in the US. Titled **'Cliff 'Em All'**, it features material spanning late bassist **Cliff Burton**'s three-and-a-half years with the band.

BIRTHDAYS:
Joe Walsh born Cleveland, Ohio, November 20, 1947
Bev Bevan drummer for **ELO** and **Black Sabbath** born Birmingham, November 25, 1946

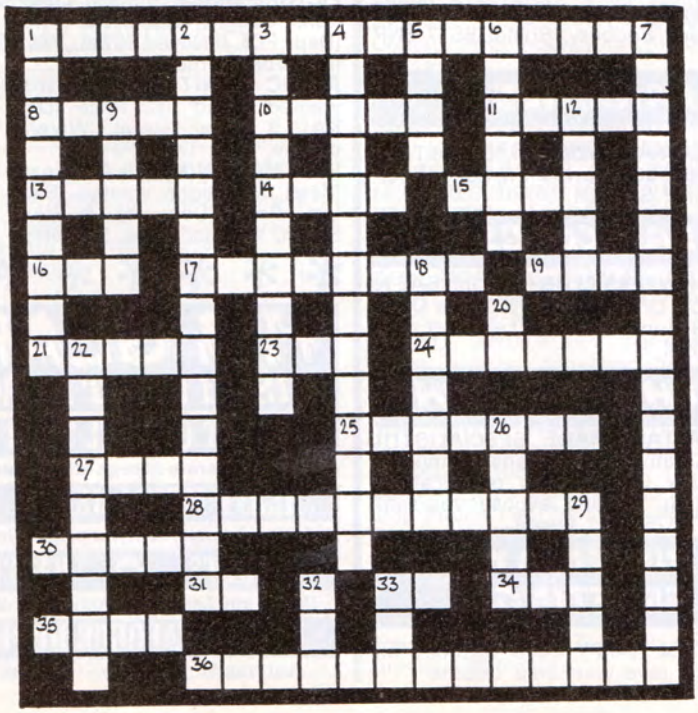
KERROSSWORD

by Sue Buckley

ACROSS
1. A greedy one from Seduce (3.4.4.6)
8. Coverdale/Lee Roth (5)
10. ET band from Sweden (5)
11. Bolan's great guru (5)
13. What were the Yardbirds as well as over, sideways and down? (5)
14. In short, Alex Harvey's old band (1.1.1.1)
15. How did Quo address John? (4)
16. 1978's wild west heroes (1.1.1)
17. A hand for Maiden? (4.4)
19. Cream painted one white (4)
21. Dreams for Heart? (5)
23. Ramones finish the century (3)
24. Their 'Helter Skelter' is strangely cited as a seminal Metal epic (7)
25. Under this name Jagger and Richards produced 'Twins'! (7)
27. S. African hero for **18** (4)
28. Bass boss (5.6)
30. Coney Hatch loaded his deck (5)
31. see **33 across**
33. and **31.** Switch flickers (1.1.1.1)
34. US Uncle for Hagar (3)
36. Zep classic for new arrivals (9.4)

DOWN
1. Scream dreamer (3.6)
2. Hanoi Rocks' homage to Jacques Cousteau (10.5)
3. 33 across fly off to Corfu! (10)
4. Lonely lament from Henry Lee Summer (1.4.1.3.1.4)
5. Just Clarkin (4)
6. Maiden pinned one on the beast (6)
7. Weird greeting from Phil Collins (5.1.4.2.5)
9. 33 across wanted to blow it up (5)
12. Lover for Priest (5)
18. Angel for Peter (7)
20. Sun god for Todd (2)
22. Eaten by Frampton circa 1970 (6.3)
26. Bob Seger made 'em at night (5)
29. Heavy Pettin's lover boy (5)
32. Label which keeps Scorpions savagely amused (1.1.1)
33. Del-boy's wimpy delight (1.1.1)

SOLUTION PAGE 49



SEND DA BOYS ROUND

'Raw melodies', 'red-hot riffs' and a 'simply splendid' guitar hero chappie can mean only one thing – DEREK 'Del-Boy' OLIVER is all in a tizz again. This time it's over Norway's young upstarts DA VINCI

STROLLING AROUND Oslo's equivalent of Hyde Park in temperatures touching the 80s, it's not difficult to suddenly imagine yourself to be somewhere in Southern California. Unusual weather, so I'm told, for a country more used to strapping snow chains to car wheels and wrapping up in several layers of moose fur. Still, I am certainly not about to complain.

With a name that conjures up all things classical and stately it is safe to assume that local act Da Vinci have captured my imagination. Call me a twit or a nonce if you must, but this bunch of five sprightly cuckoo-clock makers (yes, they still hold down day jobs!) have come on to the scene in the nick of time, banging their wicked way into the neo-classical void recently vacated by the likes of Yngwie J Malmsteen and, perhaps more succinctly, Europe.

Making music that is hideously heavy, with rapid riffs and raw melodies that weave enticingly in and out of an attractive wall of sound, Da Vinci have hit an imaginative niche. They have the handy knack of veering headlong away from the '70s, avoiding the '80s, and crashing straight into the '90s with an ethereal side of pop in both hands.

They have all the necessary red-hot riffs courtesy of new found guitar hero Gunnar Westlie, a simply splendid chap who could hold his own in a fantasy shoot out with both Malmsteen or Ronnie Le Tekro.

So far Da Vinci have only managed to release their debut album, earlier this year, in Norway alone. Import copies have infiltrated the UK and yours truly was pretty quick off the mark to give it the praise it truly deserves (see review, issue 190). With a solid debut, lacking big time production quirks, but well equipped with solid enthusiasm and an all important spark of genius, the future can only get better.

RESTING OUR legs in a quaint café overlooking several Norwegian families basking in the heat, it's time to chomp on the Da Vinci enigma with vocalist Lars Aass and bad boy bassist Bjorn Boge. Speaking better English than you or I, the lads soon leave me bewildered by the startling devotion the kind of which I haven't seen in a young band since. . . oh, I can't bloody well remember!

The early days, it turns out, weren't that different from most other rock groups – each member being in separate and entirely uninspiring rival groups around Oslo until one of them hit on the notion of forming one good group out of all the poor ones. So by day they would stack supermarket shelves and deliver newpapers whilst in the evening they locked themselves into a twilight zone of rehearsals and practise. Gigs followed, and then the chance to record a demo.

"When I was at school the only subject I took any interest in was English," states a proud Lars in between sinking his pearly white teeth into a fresh seafood salad. "I learnt how to speak English specifically so that I could get our song lyrics grammatically correct. Until a couple of years ago, singing in English wasn't the done thing in Norway but we figured the only way to be big would be not to sing in Norwegian."

DA VINCI: "producer or no producer, if you don't have the songs then you'll never make it"

HANDING THEIR demo tape over to a well known booking agent based in Oslo who subsequently passed it on to PolyGram, the band found themselves in the envious position of being asked to record a single for starters and, if everything went according to plan, an album to follow.

Cautiously the band laid down a commercial tune and, much to everyone's surprise, it became a regional hit. PolyGram, pleased as punch, kept their part of the bargain and signed the band to an album deal.

Strangely, the band were allowed to co-produce their album, but as Bjorn is at pains to point out this was basically due to financial reasons.

"It was a question of economics," he told me. "The label couldn't really justify bringing in someone like Bjorn Nessjoe because we didn't have a track record. Really, the only producer of any note in Norway is Bjorn and he's in big demand these days."

Da Vinci's debut album, although not note perfect, is a leading example of how sensational Scandinavian rock has become. Better by far than yer average British or American bands, Da Vinci are making major leaps both musically and in their cool presentation. And, as if that's not enough, Gunnar Westlie is one of those guitar heroes that impresses with speed and dexterity. Apparently a staple musical diet of Gong and Bill Bruford's UK has led the lad to adopt an excessive style that makes neo-classical guitar clots scream with horror.

Over the last year or so Da Vinci have played in excess of 130 gigs in Norway – each one being four 45-minute sets a night. The first three performances feature a mass of cover material – Deep Purple, Van Halen, Whitesnake, that sort of stuff – whilst the final set consists of Da Vinci's original material. How's that for hard work!

"It sounds hard at first, but when you get as big as TNT or Stage Dolls, the big level, things change," says Lars trying to wipe the startled expression off my face.

"If we can make it in Norway then I am confident that we can make it anywhere in the world. First though we have to consolidate our position in Norway and maybe when the next record is out we'll think about trying to play somewhere else in Europe."

Contrary to the popular myth, a fat manager is not nearly as accepted a part of the road to rock 'n' roll salvation in Norway as it is in the rest of Europe. Indeed Da Vinci, like Stage Dolls, do not have a manager and my suggestion that they should get one is met with trepidation. Why?

"The record company and our agent take care of all the day-to-day things like the accounts, and all the decisions are taken by us, the band. We'll get a manager when we get bigger," reasons Bjorn to my surprise.

DA VINCI'S plans naturally include the recording of a follow-up album for a tentative release around February/March 1989. PolyGram look set to provide the lads with enough dosh to facilitate the use of a *bona fide* producer although no decision has yet been made as to who it might be.

"The most important thing," Lars chips in, "is that we come up with 10 great songs. Producer or no producer, if you don't have the songs then you'll never make it. We've already got six or seven fantastic tracks in mind and we want a producer who's very song orientated. Some of them are more obsessed with technique than melody or feel."

You won't be able to see them down your local boozer for some time but you can pick up a copy of their album on import. Despite its relative high cost I guarantee you'll be queueing for the next one a month in advance.

DREAM EVIL

Is Thrash too chaotic for you? Room for some doom in your life? Then join DAVE REYNOLDS and throw away those tranquilisers cos Swedish 'true' Metallers CANDLEMASS are back with an even *heavier*, even *nastier* new LP 'Ancient Dreams'. And they're dragging their music for manic depressives to a gloom tomb near you

NOT SO LONG ago, the most unlikely hero stepped out onto the world stage in the rotund form of Candlemass vocalist Messiah Marcolin.

Who would've thought at the beginning of the year that this giant figure of a man would capture the attention, maybe even the respect too, of the general record buying public within the Metal genre?

It was the man's sense of fun and outrageous attempts at what's now termed Doom Dancing that contributed to the success of the Stockholm-based band's maiden British dates and increased, possibly 10 fold, sales of the mighty fine 'Nightfall' album, Candlemass' second LP, that hit the racks around this time last year.

Well kiddies, surprise surprise, there just so happens to be double reason for celebration – for not only have the boys turned in their third album that Active have just released over here in the morbidly doomy form of 'Ancient Dreams', but the quintet are back in this fair land for a much more extensive tour than that batch of dates they travelled across the North Sea for in late March.

'Ancient Dreams' sees Candlemass plough pretty much the same doomy fields 'Nightfall' covered, only this time 'round it's a touch more guitar-oriented and certainly heavier, if there can be such a thing!

It's long been known by those into the band that Candlemass, whilst not in any way a Thrash band (at the snail's pace they play at?!) are regarded as THE heaviest Metal band in the world. A colossal thought, eh?

NEEDLESS TO say, the release of the new album – recently given a rather rave review in *K!* – and the mouth-watering prospect of more UK dates merited catching up with this titanic bunch of Swedes, and where better than in a comfortable and quiet hotel room.

Magazines, books and compact discs littered the tables, beds and floors. My old china Dave Constable, the band's manager, conducted business in the corner, whilst bass player and main man Leif Edling lay on his bed in a sorry state, much to the amusement of guitar duo Lasse Johansson and Mappe Bjorkman, both of whom have come over to London with the illing bassist to do a spot of promo work in between buying up half of the capital with their shopping sprees.

Edling is feeling the effects of a serious bout of partying the night before at the newly established Looselips nightclub in Wardour Street, but not one of us present in the room feels any sympathy for him, least of all his colleagues who seem intent on letting Leif do all the talking.

"I think that our new record is rawer, heavier, harder and better than 'Nightfall'," claims Leif, when asked his honest, hungover opinion on Candlemass' new masterpiece.

"It has the same kind of feel as 'Nightfall' but there are eight proper songs as opposed to an album full of songs with grand intros."

"We had a lot more time to work on this album," says Mappe, "and this is also pretty much the first album with this line-up because Lasse joined the band in the middle of putting the last album together and therefore didn't have a great deal of input other than with his solo parts."

As predicted earlier in the year by the band, 'Ancient Dreams' shies away from the death themes of past songs and, instead, travels in the direction of the occult, another of life's dark mysteries that fascinates the mind of Leif Edling.

"The songs on this new record are all based around some nasty stories," the man jests.

Like King Diamond songs?

"I said nasty, not silly!"

Why?

"Because I'm really into everything that's gloomy and doomy."

But I thought you'd grown out of that state after the last album, Lief?!

"No. I think I must be a manic depressive! In all seriousness, I felt with this new record that we should move on a little. 'Nightfall' had this big death concept about it so I really didn't want to do another album about the same subject. I wanted to change the style of our lyrics but still keep a horror element to them."

Mappe: "We actually feel that this album falls somewhere between 'Nightfall' and our first album, 'Epicus Doomicus Metallicus', in approach."

There's also a more Black Sabbath type feel to the new LP. Was this intended?

"It's due to the guitar sound," comments Edling. "We wanted to sound rawer and more brutal, so there were hardly any effects used on this album."

IT WAS THAT rawness and sheer brutality in a live context that won the band so many new fans and fantastic reviews throughout the press earlier in the year with those British dates at the tail end of March. How do the band themselves feel about the dates?

"We enjoyed ourselves but we were very surprised at the reviews we received. And everybody seemed to love Messiah."

Yes, the man mountain, known as Eddie to his friends, certainly proved to be the star attraction with a terrific rapport with the fans and possessing a voice to match!

Another surprise aspect of the tour was the cross section of people Candlemass pulled in to the gigs. Thrashers, Hardcore addicts, 'real' Metallists and even the odd Glamster could be seen getting off on the Doom Metal approach.

"I think it's because we play what I like to call 'True' Metal," says Leif. "People actually listen to us when we're on stage. Thrash bands can be a bit chaotic live, they can just be a wall of noise. I know that there are a lot of Thrash fans who love Candlemass' music."

There is, however, a new phenomenon; the number of kids forming bands who, instead of going the predictable route and attracting attention as new Thrash sensations, are taking a few leaves out of the Candlemass song book and delving into the mystical gloomy world of epicus Doom Metal.

"I really hope that this can lead to a new renaissance of True Metal. I don't mean that there should be bands coming out who sound like bloody Manowar, but sounding more..."

Honest?

"Maybe, yeah."

'NIGHTFALL WAS released earlier in the year by Metal Blade in America, and even the more image conscious US Metal press have been raving about the Scandinavian sensations.

"The response we've received from America has been fantastic. I just received a collection of articles and reviews about us and every one of them was positive, everybody seems to be into what we're doing."

But has the situation changed much in Sweden? Have you been accepted at last?

"Well, it's like this, the people in Sweden always look to what is happening abroad and if they see that we are doing well outside of Sweden they think to themselves that we must be good after all, so it's *then* that they buy our record.

"No band can go out and play in Sweden and become famous, especially if you don't play commercial type stuff.

"But there are quite a few new bands coming out of Sweden now, like Hexenhaus (who have their debut album released by Candlemass' label, Active Records, this month too), Agony and Destiny and the like, so there appears to be something of a Swedish boom happening in Metal at last."

What can the Candlemass faithful of Doom Dancers and Gloom Stompers expect from their fave boys on their return to British shores?

"We'll be playing a good selection of material. I figure that we'll be doing about five songs from 'Ancient Dreams', plus such stuff as 'Bewitched', 'Well Of Souls', 'Gallows End', 'Solitude'...all the classics."

How about the Black Sabbath medley for an encore again?

"Um, no! We did that last time just for fun, we want to get away from that. We might do an Abba medley though, run through 'Waterloo' and stuff. Ha! Ha!"

CANDLEMASS INTEND to be touring the world in support of 'Ancient Dreams' for at least the next six months with selective dates here and there, including a two month stint in America in the new year. Leif admits, though, that the band may not tour so frequently after that.

"We're not really into touring, at least not in long stretches. We're more into playing selective gigs, but we still want to etch our name into people's minds. The main thing is for us all to keep enjoying what we're doing."

MESSIAH MARCOLIN

CANDLEMASS (Leif Edling top right): "I'm really into everything that's gloomy and doomy. I think I must be a manic depressive!"

Pix Ulf Magnusson

METAL GIG GUIDE

To list your gig, write to El Rose, Metal Gig Guide, Kerrang!, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ
Telephone: (01) 387 6611 Fax: (01) 383 7717

WEDNESDAY 23

ASHTON UNDER LYME The Witchwood **Engine**
BIRMINGHAM Edwards No 8 (021 643 5835) **Conspiracy/Green**
BOURNEMOUTH The Third Side Club, The Triangle **Raindogs**
BRIGHTON Richmond **Hydra Vein**
DUNSTABLE Wheatsheaf **Jadis**
EDINBURGH Playhouse (031 557 2590) **'Night Of The Guitar' tour**
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic (0484 538156) **Quireboys**
IRONBRIDGE The Swan **Requiem**
LEEDS Duchess Of York (0532 453929) **Mai Rouge**
LONDON Dominion (01 636 2295) **Cinderella/Little Angels**
LONDON Marquee (01 437 6603) **Iceage/Horse**
LONDON Red Lion, Brentford **Mr Meaner**
LONDON Sir George Robey, Finsbury Park (01 263 4581) **Contenders/Shredder Passenger/Day Out**
LONDON Tunnel Club, Greenwich (01 858 0895) **Refuse To Bleed**
MANCHESTER International **Chrome Molly**
MANCHESTER Polytechnic **Ghost Dance**
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE City Hall (091 261 2606) **Jimmy Page/Dare**
SWANSEA Institute Of Higher Education **Pendragon**
TEESIDE Polytechnic **Noussommes**
WAKEFIELD Hellfire Club **Hunters Club**
WORDSLEY Cathouse (0384 279380) **Every New Dead Ghost/Disappear Here**

THURSDAY 24

ABERDEEN Venue (0224 22255) **Groundhogs/DRN**
BIRMINGHAM Edwards No 8 (021 643 5835) **Mixed Blood/Firetrix**
BLACKPOOL Prince Of Wales **Legend**
BRADFORD Frog And Toad **Mai Rouge**
BRISTOL La Cav **Battle Cries**
DUNOON EM Club **Black Rose**
EVESHAM Roxannes **Frank Bough's Big Band/The Seadogs/Helta Skelta**
GLASGOW Steps Bar (041 221 4991) **Lupas**
HUDDERSFIELD Bogeys (0484 24200) **Priapas**
LEEDS Warehouse (0532 430432) **Macc Lads**
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall (0533 544444) **Pursuit**
LEICESTER Sector 5 (0533 701742) **Metal Messiah**
LIVERPOOL Royal Court Theatre (051 709 4321) **'Night Of The Guitar' tour**
LONDON Bull And Gate, Kentish Town, **Creaming Jesus**
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01 748 4081) **Jimmy Page/Dare**
LONDON Kings Head, Fulham (01 736 1413) **Jadis**
LONDON Marquee (01 437 6603) **Feline Groove**
LONDON New Pegasus, Newington Green **Headmaster/Sister Midnight**
LONDON Sir George Robey, Finsbury Park (01 263 4581) **Fugazi/Playground/Exit Condition**
LONDON Tunnel Club, Greenwich (01 858 0895) **After All**
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE University **Ghost Dance**
NEWPORT TJ's **Gangland**
POOLE Arts Centre (0202 685222) **Yngwie J Malmsteen's Rising Force/Quireboys**
SHEFFIELD Take Two (0742 444408) **Candlemass/Chrome Molly**
STOCKPORT Monroes **Engine**
STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus **Headmaster**
STOURBRIDGE Allez Katz **Diamond Lady**
TELFORD Pisces (0952 596514) **Bliss The Pocket Opera**
WHITLEY BAY Ice Rink **Iron Maiden/Killer Dwarfs**
WORCESTER Images **Wrathchild**

FRIDAY 25

BANGOR University College Of North Wales (0602 476725) **Roy Harper**
BIRMINGHAM Edwards No 8 (021 643 5835) **Chrome Molly/Ember Sea**
BRADFORD 1 In 12 **Jellyfish Kiss/Western Dance**
BRADFORD St George's Hall (0274 752000) **Cinderella/Little Angels**
CARDIFF Bogeys (0222 226168) **Rufus T Firefly**
CARDIFF Venue (0222 345539) **Candlemass**
CHELTENHAM Shaftesbury Hall Theatre (0242 222795) **Cry Wolf**
CHESTER-LE-STREET Bullion Hall **Holosade/88/Crimes Of Passion**
DUBLIN McGonagles **Suicidal Tendencies**
GLASGOW Barrowlands (041 552 4601) **DRN**
HASTINGS Carlisle (0424 420193) **Pursuit**
HOVE Cliftonville **Cry Wolf**
HUCKNELL Plough And Arrow **Persia**
HUDDERSFIELD Bogeys (0484 24200) **Lady**
KIDDERMINSTER Murdochs **Sweet Xtasy/7 Dead Astronauts**
LICHFIELD Arts Centre (0543 256773) **Wrathchild/Wreckage/September Rain**
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01 748 4081) **Jimmy Page/Dare**
LONDON Marquee (01 437 6603) **Dan Reed Network**
LONDON QMC, Mile End **Osmium**
LONDON Red Lion, Brentford **Mournblade/Jackal**
LONDON Red Lion, Cricklewood **Ohmadon**
LONDON Royal Standard, Walthamstow (01 527 1966) **Michael Katon/Thin Ice**
LONDON Stick Of Rock, Bethnal Green (01 739 6068) **Loved Ones**
MANCHESTER Apollo (062 273 3775) **'Night Of The Guitar' tour**
MIDDLESBROUGH Teeside University **Ghost Dance**
MILTON KEYNES Cosgrove Lodge **Jadis**
NORMANTON Carlton Club **Engine/Artisan**
PEEBLES Cross Keys **Black Rose**
ROTHERHAM Sub Club **Egypt**
STOKE ON TRENT Zoo **Legend**
YEOVIL Gardens **Esprit**

SATURDAY 26

BELFAST Queen's Hall **Suicidal Tendencies**
BERKHAMPSTEAD Cheers **Zero One Fve**
BIRMINGHAM NEC (021 0780 4133) **The Mission**
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall (021 235 3561) **Roy Harper**
BRADFORD University **Ghost Dance**
CARDIFF Bogeys (0222 226168) **Tokyo**
CHATHAM Churchills **The Law**
EDINBURGH Venue (031 557 3073) **DRN**
GUILDFORD University **Pendragon**
HUCKNELL Plough And Harrow **Persia**
HUDDERSFIELD Wharf **Jellyfish Kiss/Western Dance**
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01 748 4081) **'Night Of The Guitar' tour**
LONDON Marquee (01 437 6603) **Candlemass**
LONDON Stick Of Rock, Bethnal Green (01 739 6068) **Horse**
MANCHESTER Apollo (061 273 3775) **Jimmy Page/Dare**
NEWPORT Centre (0633 59676) **Cinderella/Little Angels**
POOLE Mr C's (0202 733617) **Esprit**
READING Hattons **Loose Torniquet**
RETFORD Porterhouse **Every New Dead Ghost/Sins Of The Flesh**
ST HELENS Turks Hotel **Raw Material**
SOUTHAMPTON St Matthews Hall **Jadis**
TONYPANDY Naval Club **Lavender Hill Mob**
WARRINGTON Lion **Engine**

SUNDAY 27

BIRMINGHAM Edwards No 8 (021 643 5835) **Stealer/Rough Deal**
BIRMINGHAM NEC (021 780 4135) **Iron Maiden/Killer Dwarfs**
BISHOPS STORTFORD Rose And Crown **Jadis**
BRADFORD Queen's Hall (0274 392712) **Lawnmower Deth/Arbitrator**
COVENTRY Polytechnic (0203 221167) **Ghost Dance**
EDINBURGH Venue (031 557 3073) **Holocaust**
GLASGOW Barrowlands (041 5524601) **Suicidal Tendencies**
GLASGOW Venue **Hunters Club**
HUDDERSFIELD Pleasure Dome **Slammer/Beyond**
LLANHAREN RFC (0443 222209) **Tokyo**
LONDON Marquee (01 437 6603) **Michael Katon**
MANCHESTER Boardwalk (061 228 3555) **Dirty Weekend**
NEWBURY The Clockhouse **Bardiche**
NORWICH Jacquard Club **Deviant**
SHEFFIELD Take Two (0742 444408) **Fatal Impact**
WHITECHURCH Highgate **Requiem**
YORK Winning Post **Mai Rouge**

MONDAY 28

BIRMINGHAM Edwards No 8 (021 643 5835) **Horse/Venus Loveboys**
BIRMINGHAM Kaleidoscope (021 643 7019) **John Cooper Clarke**
BIRMINGHAM NEC (021 0780 4133) **Iron Maiden/Killer Dwarfs**
BRISTOL Bierkeller (0272 268514) **Chrome Molly**
CARDIFF University (0222 396421) **Spoilt Bratz**
EDINBURGH Playhouse (031 557 2590) **The Mission**
KETTERING Water Cress Harry's **Pursuit**
LONDON Borderline **Jeff Healey Band**

LITTLE ANGELS: raising temperatures supporting Cinderella on their 'Long Cold Winter' tour: London (Wednesday), Bradford (Friday), Newport (Saturday) and headlining in Sheffield (Monday)

LONDON Marquee (01 437 6603) **Ghost Dance**
LONDON Sir George Robey, Finsbury Park (01 263 4581) **Eager Sin Babies/Creaming Jesus/Rif Raf/The Host/Chicano Boys**
MANCHESTER International **Suicidal Tendencies**
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE Riverside (091 261 4386) **Michael Katon**
NOTTINGHAM Eden **Hunters Club**
NOTTINGHAM Yorker **Still Life/Sudden Impacts**
OXFORD Dolly **Tokyo**
PONTYPRIDD Polytechnic **Engine**
RETFORD Newcastle Arms **Ample Cleavage**
SHEFFIELD Limit **Little Angels**
WARRINGTON Parr Hall **Libertin' Lips/City Heat**

TUESDAY 29

BIRMINGHAM Edwards No 8 (021 643 5835) **Bomb Disneyland/Bolt Thrower**
BIRMINGHAM Goldwyns (021 643 6843) **Suicidal Tendencies**
BIRMINGHAM Kaleidoscope (021 643 7019) **Conflict**
BOLTON Stags Head, Deane **Jadis**
BRADFORD 1 In 12 Club **Hunters Club**
BRADFORD Queen's Hall (0274 392712) **Michael Katon**
KEELE University **Hawkwind**
LONDON Royal Standard, Walthamstow (01 527 1966) **Jaguar Smile**
LONDON Ruskin Arms (01 472 0377) **Tangent**
LONDON Sir George Robey, Finsbury Park (01 263 4581) **Ice Babies/Fifth Third Card/Good Childs/Believers/Headmaster/ Hectacomb**
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE City Hall (091 261 2606) **The Mission**
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE Riverside (091 261 4386) **Why**
SHEFFIELD University (0742 753300) **Quireboys/Heartbreak Angels**

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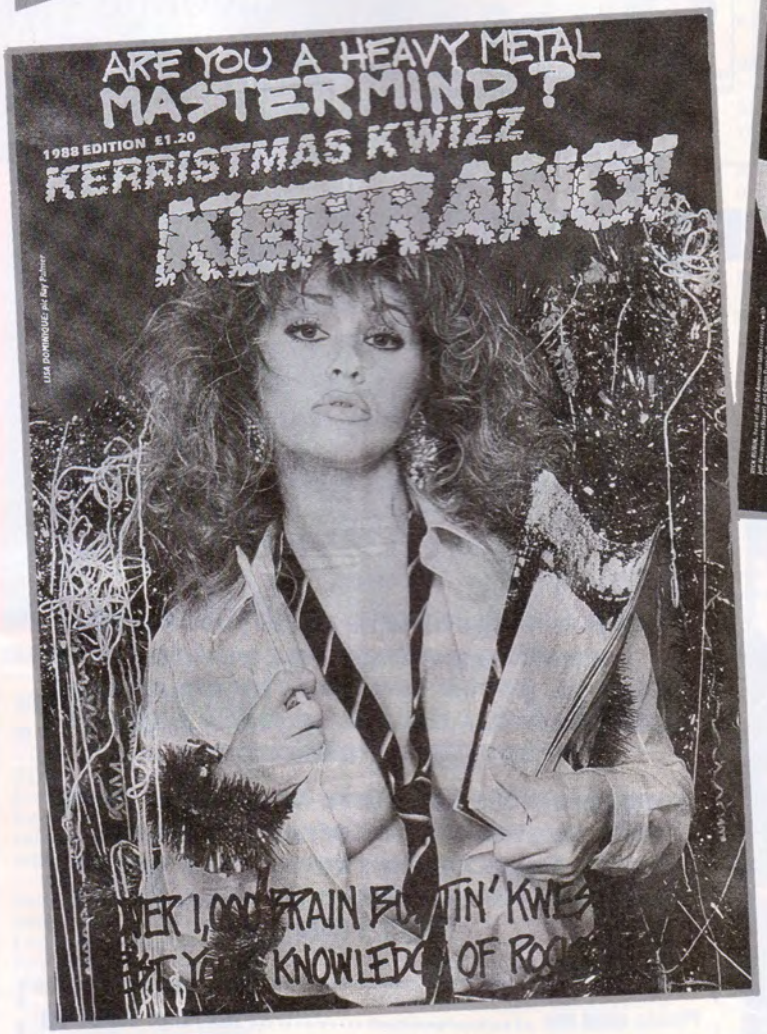

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■ CANTERBURY BAND **Epidemic** have a demo available, priced £1.50 from Epidemic, **12 St Martins Terrace, Canterbury, Kent**. They play Cheriton White Lion November 26.

■ **LOVE N' BULLETS**, (formerly **Tantalyse**), have a three track demo available, priced £1.50 from **LJ, 39 Amesbury Tower, Westbury Estate, Wandsworth Road, London SW8 3LG**. Cheques payable to **L Sinclair**. They also seek a drummer. Contact **(0708) 753147**.

■ EX-**LONELY Planet Boys** guitarist **Richard James** and bassist **Pete Smart** have recruited drummer **Dan Tidbury** and seek a **Stones/Aerosmith** influenced guitarist. Interested parties should call **Rich** on **(0272) 744938**.

■ **GENEVA**, CANTERBURY-based AOR-sters release their debut single, **'Temptation'**, on Dead Twelve records. It's available from **31 Forgefields, Herne, Kent CT6 TTB**.

■ SINGER INFLUENCED by **Jetboy** and **St Valentine** seeks a band in the Notts/Derby area. Contact **Simon Browne** on **Derby 670434**, or write to **2 Howth Close, Chaddesden, Derbs DE7 6UD**.

■ **TREDEGAR**, WELSH Rockers, seek a vocalist with talent and dedication. Write to **Ray, New House Farm, Trefil, Tredegar, Gwent, South Wales NP2 4HD**, or call **(049) 525 4568**.

■ **GOOD QUESTION**, a rock band from Leeds seek a vocalist/frontman. Send tape/biog to **Poly-Rhythm Music Services, 79 Cookridge Lane, Leeds LS16 7NE** or call **(0532) 679332**.

■ **BEST REVENGE** are an Australian rock band currently lining up live dates down under for early '89, having completed work on their second demo. Contact Best Revenge, **45 Clarence Street, Geelong West, 3218,Australia**.

■ **SPYTE**, A Liverpool-based hard rock band, have a three track demo available, priced £2, from **S Clare, 76 Portman Road, Wavertree, Liverpool L15**. They play Blackpool Prince of Wales November 24, Blackpool Frenchies 25, Liverpool Milos 27.

■ **SICK**, A London-based 'grindcore' band, seek a guitarist, in the vein of **Napalm Death, Death** etc. Contact **Animal, 61 St Matthews Road, Brixton, London SW2.**
They have a demo available, priced £2.50 from the above address. Cheques/POs should be payable to **Peter Duncan.**

■ THRASHERS **BULLDOZER** have just recorded a fourth album. It's called **'Neurodeliri'** and is on the Discomagic label.

■ **TABOO** FROM Bradford have released their first demo called 'Tastes Even Better'. Send cheques of POs for £2.25 to **D James, 19 Manor Terrace, Eccleshill, Bradford BD2 3DA.**

USI PLAY Warrington Lion December 3, Dudley JB's 8, Hanley Zoo 23.

WYZBAK SID return to play Sydenham Greyhound December 9.

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REFUSE TO Bleed play London Tunnel Club November 23, and have a six song demo available, priced £2.50 from **Mark Bolam, 52 Vestry House, Humberstone Gate, Leicester LE1.**

SIDEWINDER, FROM Bradford, play Bradford Frog And Toad December 8 (supporting **Silverwing**). Their demo is £2.50 from **255 Bradford Road, Shipley, West Yorkshire BD18 3AB.**

HEADMASTER, FRONTED by **Tania Lloyd** have returned to the live scene and play Stoke NEWINGTON New Pegasus November 24, Bristol Fleece And Firkin December 4, Bristol Bridge 11.

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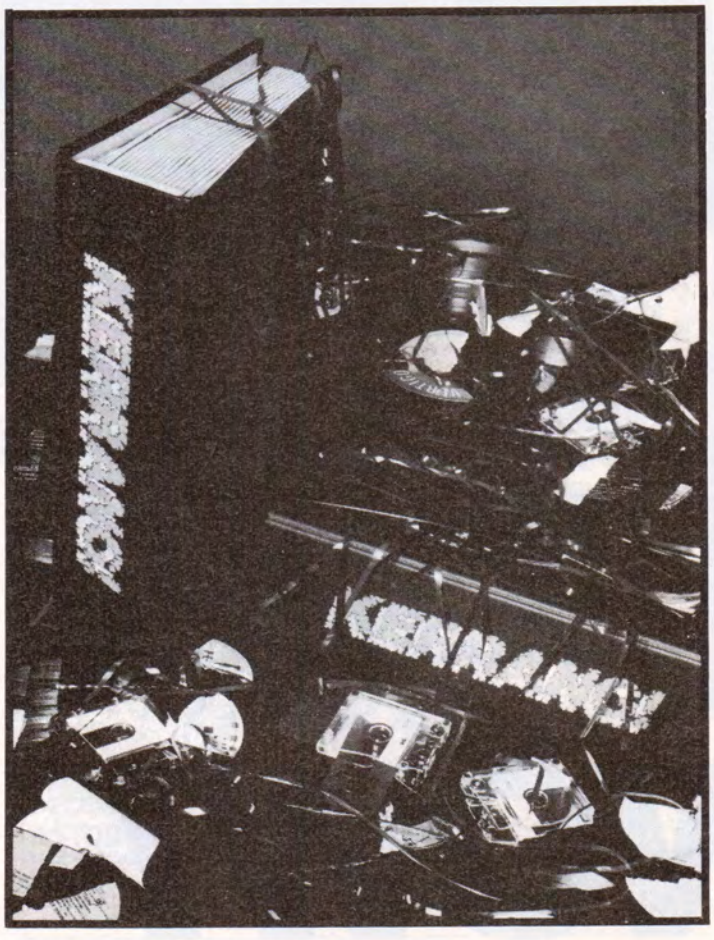

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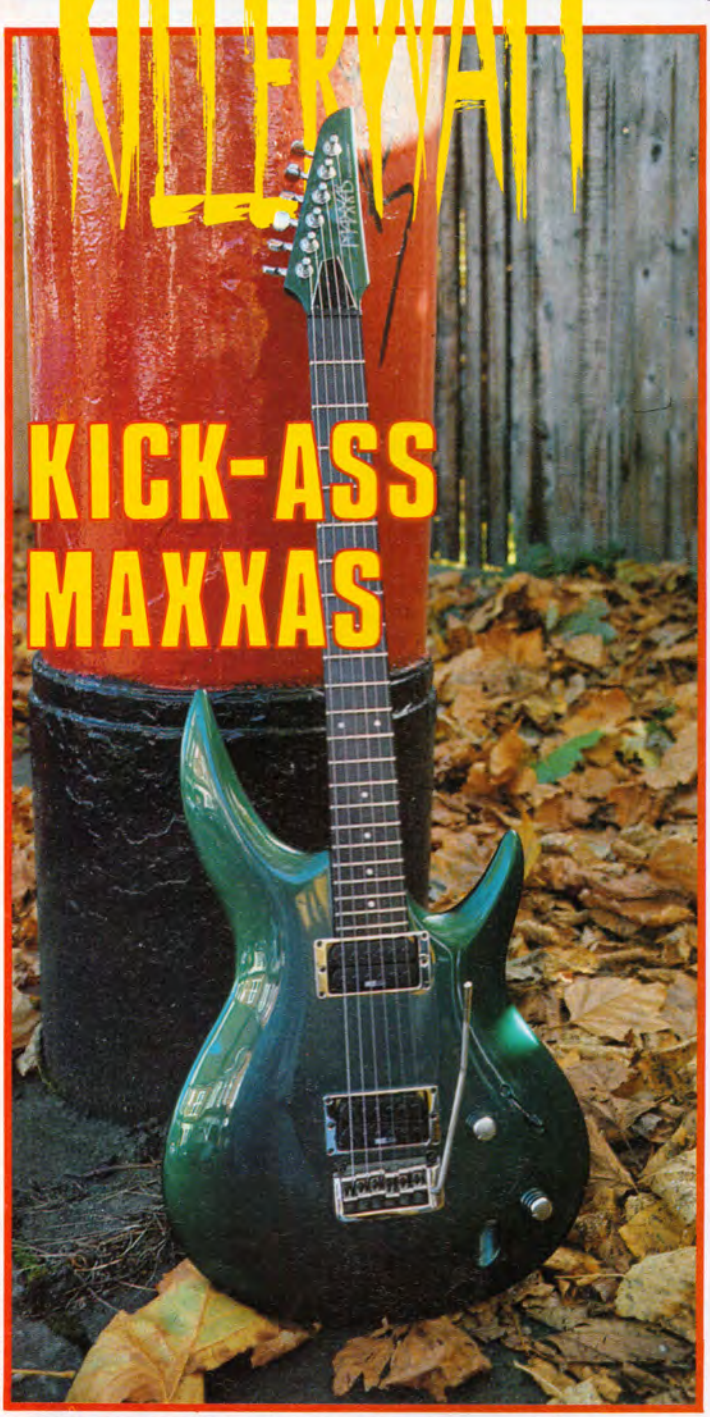
KICK-ASS MAXXAS

JERRY UWINS wraps his fingers around a new shallow neck IBANEZ



Pic Jerry Uwins

IBANEZ MX3 MAXXAS: light in weight, heavy on delivery

IBANEZ MX3 MAXXAS
£749 rrp

WHEN IBANEZ launched their PRO-540 Saber and Power guitars early this year, most people's comments concerned the instruments' necks. They were shallow with a capital 'S', giving new meaning to the 'wide-thin' concept. Since then, of course, shallow necks have become the norm, so finding one on the new Maxxas doesn't elicit the same shock effect as it did on the PROs.

Sporting the same dimensions as the Saber and Power – 17mm at the first fret and still only 20mm deep by the time you reach the octave – the Maxxas' speedy length of maple and rosewood is married to a spiky-horned body (with chamfered neck joint access) which isn't quite what it appears to be.

It looks solid, but isn't. The top lower bout (if you follow my drift) is, in fact, hollow. Quite why Ibanez have decided to incorporate a 'sound chamber' isn't clear, but it does have two effects.

First, it reduces the all-up weight which, coupled with the slim, lightweight neck, makes for an extremely comfortable and well balanced instrument.

The strap buttons, by the way, are hidden behind the top horn and round the bottom of the guitar because the razor-edge body profiling of the Maxxas makes it impossible to fit them in the conventional positions.

Second, although one can hardly describe the sounds as 'acoustic', the two Di Marzio IBZ humbuckers do produce that kind of chiminess which might not be the case from an all-solid guitar. But chimey sounds doesn't mean limp in the wrist department. Maxxas has all the balls to kick ass – its own individual tonal character just helps everything to ring through better.

Given, however, that you have twin humbuckers to play around with, the one thing that does restrict sound versatility is the absence of any coil tap. Shame that – but as an instrument running full bore, no complaints whatsoever.

THE TREM, similar to that fitted to Ibanez's new Artfields, is a well-engineered, non-locking assembly that looks very Schaller-like. No gripes here either – the stainless steel plate and saddles enhance the quality feel and appearance, and tuning stability is A1. A very surefooted design.

When I first saw the Maxxas – in prototype form – I confess it didn't do much for me.

The 'inflated' body looked bulbous rather than elegant; the semi-hollow approach seemed more gimmicky than useful.

But the guitar sounds good and the whole instrument has grown on me helped more than a little by the superb finishing on the brand spanking new production models.

Our sample, oddly described by Ibanez as 'Black Hall', was in fact blue – a very fine metallic flake which, depending on how the light catches it, graduates to a greenish hue around the edges. Immaculate.

Assuming Ibanez carry on making guitars of this kind of quality, the brand's relatively recent new lease of life looks like turning into a long-running success story.

More info from: *Cougar Ibanez, 2 Morley Road, Tonbridge, Kent TN9 1RA. Tel: (0732) 770872.*

GUITARS ON RECORD

■ IRS RECORDS, who in January this year introduced their No Speak label dedicated to instrumental rock guitar material, have announced the recent release of four new No Speak albums.

These are **'The Deacon'** by **Steve Hunter**, a guitarist associated along the way with **Lou Reed**, **Alice Cooper** and **Todd Rundgren**; rock session man **Jimmy Z**'s **'Anytime, Anyplace'**; **'Transportation'** from **Ultravox**'s **Billy Currie**; and a guitar anthology entitled **'Guitar Speak'** featuring tracks by 12 artists including **Steve Howe**, **Alvin Lee**, **Randy California**, **Ronnie Montrose**, **Leslie West** and **Pete Haycock**.

The No Speak catalogue also includes a solo album by Pete Haycock called **'Guitar And Son'**, **Wishbone Ash**'s **'Nouveau Call'**, and a special sampler album simply entitled **'No Speak Sampler'** containing tracks featuring many of the same players who appear on 'Guitar Speak'.

All IRS titles are produced in LP and CD format except for the sampler album which is LP or cassette. No Speak titles should be available from your friendly local record emporium.

Meanwhile, you can obtain a detailed leaflet by contacting: *IRS/No Speak, Bugle House, 21A Noel Street, London W1. Tel: (01) 734 3814.*

DELAYED BAND EXPLOSION

■ THE INTERNATIONAL Final in Japan of the **Yamaha Band Explosion** has been rescheduled out of respect for the Emperor's recent death.

Originally planned for October 30 at the Budokan, the final will now be held on February 12 in a Fuji TV studio in Tokyo where it will be recorded for European broadcast on Sky TV sometime in late February or early March next year.

Following the decision to postpone the event, Northampton band **All Grown Up**, the UK representatives, have another three months to fine-tune their act before competing against 20 other international bands.

Should they win, they'll return home with $15,000 in wonga, and *another* 15-grand's worth of Yammy gear.

Good incentives for not playing any bum notes, we reckon.

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IRON MAIDEN
Newport Centre

IF HELLOWEEN are officially the new Iron Maiden, then surely Maiden must be the new Rush.

Iron Maiden are big. That's big, big, bigger than they were probably ever meant to be. Tonight a devoted Welsh crowd play host to the first night of yet another Big Tour. A tour that *you* asked for following Maiden's decision to play only Donington and then take an extended break.

In theory it's a decision that's grounded in common sense. After all, Maiden have set themselves impossible standards and constantly met them with ease. Iron Maiden were the pride of British Metal.

In reality, however, this tour (The Seventh Tour Of etc. . .) may well prove to be the straw to break the old camel's back.

On the surface tonight is slick, quick and superficially intense. The old Iron Maiden indeed. The stage and backline are white. Eddie Head hangs behind Nicko and spits fantastic light. McBrain stands on his stool whilst the intro music spells Gothic. I sincerely believe Nicko was glad to be there. Behind the awful thump of pressure bombs, the band appear as if from nowhere and 'Moonchild' is cut loose. Yeah, going out in a blaze of glory indeed.

But looking down on to this big, big, bigger than a slice of bread stage, it seems remarkably empty. Yes, the little city of lights above Bruce's head is turning demented. Yes, the band are racing to cover every inch of floorspace and, yes, the audience are up there on the seventh heaven of a seventh heaven. So *what?*

Of course, you're gonna say, this is what Iron Maiden do best. Sure, but tonight I don't see any conviction up there. First night nerves? I really don't think so. I've seen them before, at Donington and elsewhere in both the UK and America, and I've seen them better than this.

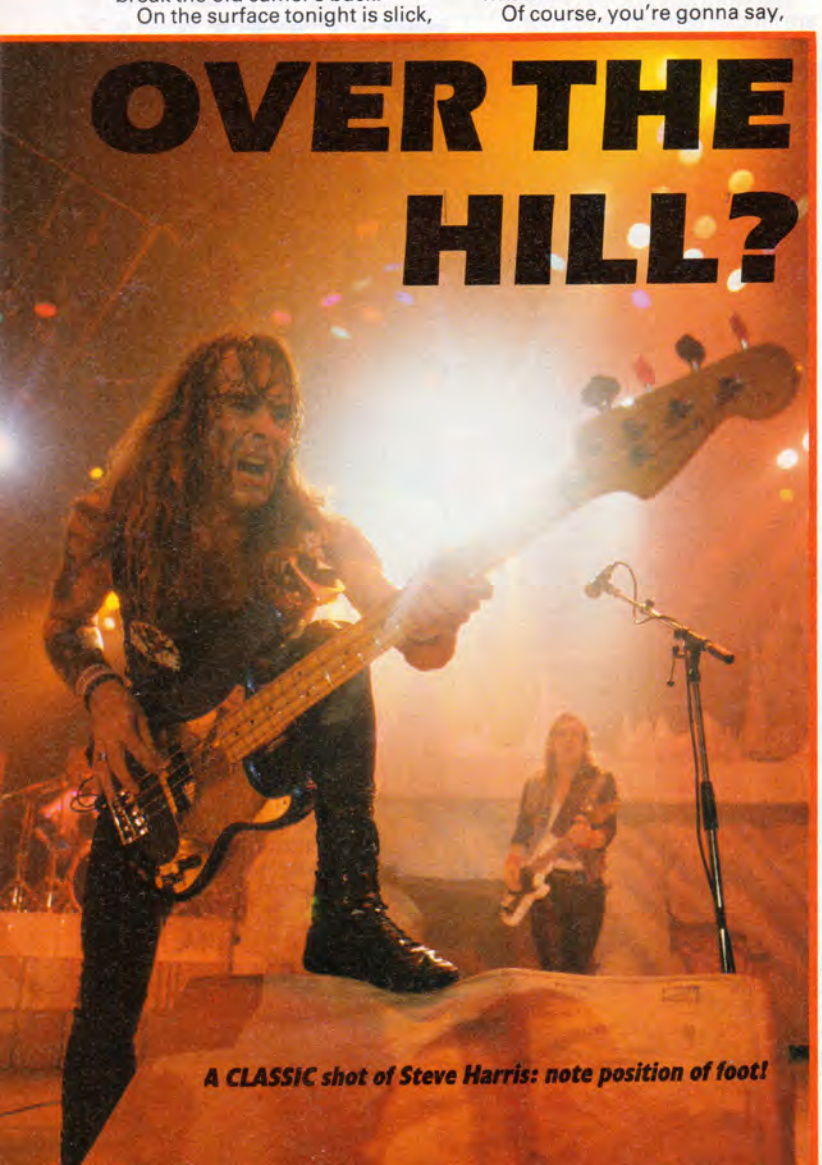
If Iron Maiden were content to coast through this UK tour then it shouldn't have happened. The show, the *spectacle* and the material we take for granted and tonight was no disappointment. It was a great show and a triumph of technology. But I guess I underestimated the suss of Iron Maiden as five men playing as a unit. Tonight was one short of a six-pack. A little short of turbo.

For the price of admission you get the basic Donington set. You don't need me to tell you that Dave, Adrian, Steve and Bruce wore their trousers tighter than liquorice, or that 'Die With Your Boots On' (prime-time Maiden) still received a massive ovation. The set is now, as it has been for years, a mixture of tradition and Top 40. Whilst 'Can I Play With Madness', 'The Clairvoyant' and even 'The Evil That Men Do' are welcome additions, it's not surprising that 'Number Of The Beast' and 'Iron Maiden' can still be executed every night and sound fresh, even natural. This was Iron Maiden a long time ago. Maybe when they were hungry and uncomplicated.

Look, I sat there and watched a great band take their first step down the other side. Not that the production or their playing could ever be faulted, but tonight, for me, was emotionless. When you watch a band and can't imagine them making a mistake, breaking a string even, then you're out of the world of rock 'n' roll and into one of opera.

Naturally they deliver 'Run To The Hills', 'Running Free' and 'Sanctuary' for the encores, the latter even verging on the furious, but personally I will not be back. If this is your first, it will also be your last chance to catch a big, corporate British Metal act. There may even be a little glory. But they've been better and, I think, know it. CHRIS WATTS

OVER THE HILL?



A CLASSIC shot of Steve Harris: note position of foot!

Pic Ross Halfin

ICEAGE
Edwards No 8, Birmingham

WELL I FOR one wouldn't have blamed Iceage if they'd taken one look at the crowd (and I use that term loosely) and decided that they might as well bugger off back home to Sweden. This ain't really what you wanna see on your first headlining venture around dear old Blighty, is it? The odd interested face and a lot of empty dance floor.

Put it another way. I wonder if Iceage have made the move to playing abroad too quickly. For better or worse it takes a lot more than one nifty feature in *Kerrang!* to get punters through the door, and tonight Iceage learnt that little one the hard way.

I have the highest regard for the no bullshit approach of vocalist/guitarist Sabrina Kihlstrand, guitarist Pia Nyström, bassist Vikki Larson and drummer Tina Strömberg. Iceage don't have any time for catering to the usual Sid Sexist 'tits oot for the lads' approach that many female rockers employ, and before you say anything, it ain't cos they're all ugly either!

No, here are four girls who simply believe in the validity of their high energy Thrash, that it can conquer misguided conceptions about who should be what and from where.

And the music? Well, the sound left a whole lot to be desired. I stepped to the back of the hall to discern a bit of separation from the big mush of sound, at least enough to realise that Sabrina and Pia can really work those f**kers they call guitars and that Sabrina has a kick like a mule in that larynx of hers!

Songwise I'd say that some of the faster numbers such as 'A Case Of Cerebral Death' are still way too cluttered for their own good, and my favourite moments were definitely the slow stops of a blinding 'In The Name Of Science' and a song that was so new the band hadn't had a chance to write any words for it.

Hardly what you'd call a rousing success, but at least Iceage displayed a lot of attitude, a fair proportion of talent and absolutely no cleavage whatsoever. If we really want serious female rock bands this has to be a step in the right direction. HOWARD JOHNSON

BRUNETTE
The Omni, Oakland, California

HYPE, HYPE and more hype. If there's one thing Los Angeles knows how to deliver in abundance, it's undeserved hype and premature adulation.

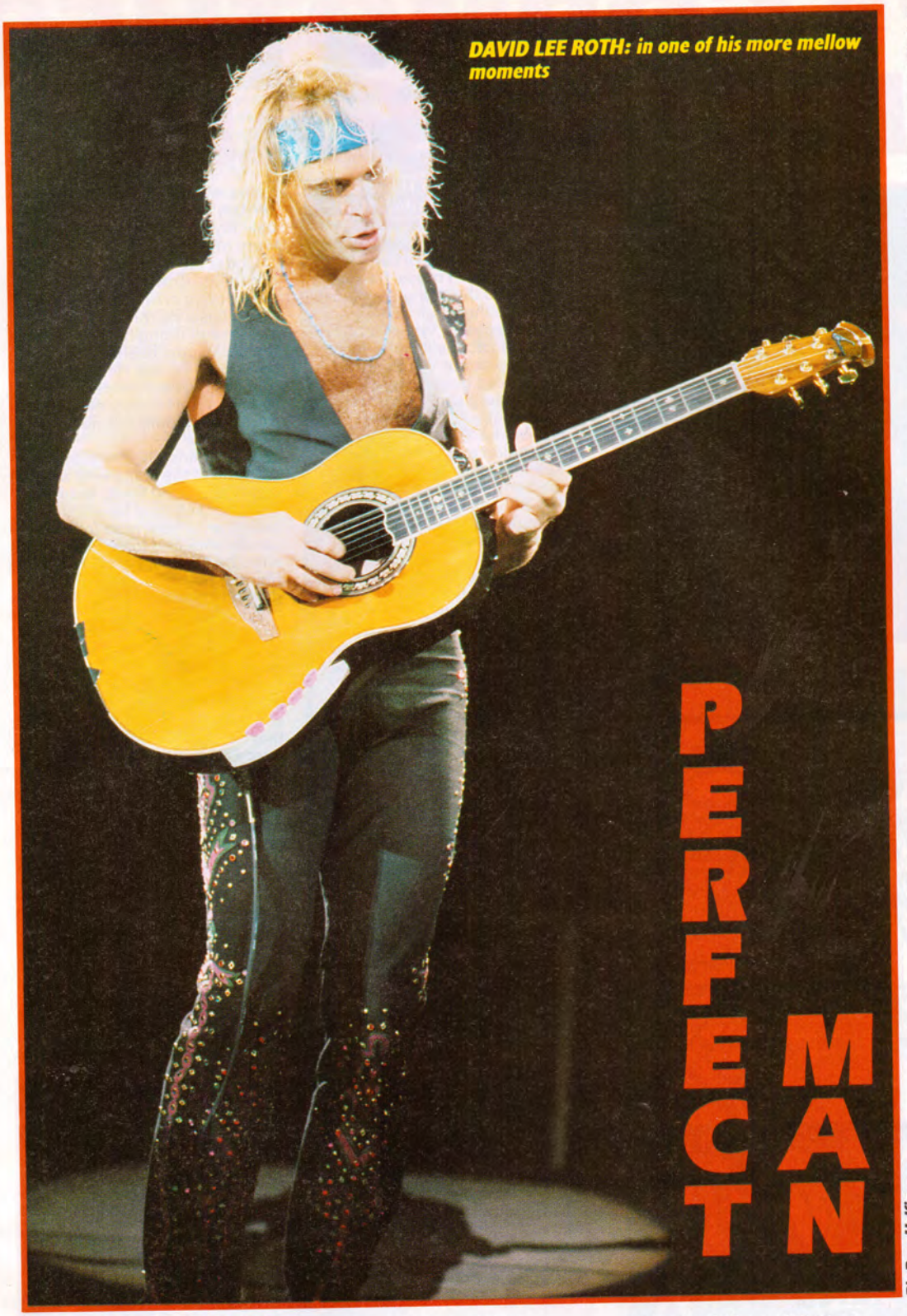
So as I waited for the latest in what I thought was yet another over-publicised band currently calling Southern California home, my thoughts began to drift into the vast wasteland littered with the carcasses of acts that had quickly fallen into the abyss.

Well, I was wrong! Brunette are *not* more style than substance – they're damn close to being the next real big thing! And best of all, they're not some Guns N' Roses knockoff. Instead, they're five guys with the ability to mesh great hooks and melodies with edgy guitar riffs, and then add a strong stage presence to top it all off.

'Lady Love', 'Hot Cheri', 'Let It Go Down' and 'Wanted For Love' are the musical highlights, and with a handful of other tracks that nearly match these, Brunette can't be accused of not having the material. But just having songs doesn't make it nowadays, you've got to have the whole package.

Lead vocalist Johnny Law is a dynamic and energetic frontman, and with the guitar tandem of JoJo Law and Christopher Paul laying down the riffs alongside bassist Jay Scott King and drummer Derek Thomas, the hair bunch have the live show down perfectly. They move, they strut, they play and they entertain! If a screaming club of first-time Brunette viewers is any indication, they're going to go far.

Blondes may have more fun, but I'll take this Brunette any day. BRIAN BRANDES BRINKERHOFF



DAVID LEE ROTH: in one of his more mellow moments

Pic Ross Halfin

DAVID LEE ROTH, ZINATRA
Wembley Arena

UH-OH! The party's back – but 'appetizers' Zinatra from the land of the clog and the windmill were not. Such kranium krunchin' descriptions as 'okay' and 'competent' flutter by as the singer in tasteless tatters tries his best to be everywhere at once only to succeed in trippin' over himself. To be frank, Zinatra (geddit!) were a perfect excuse to go visit the bar.

As for Dave, er, I mean Daaaaaaaaave, I've been havin' a very personal love/hate thing going with him of late. The recent Hammy Odeon show had me (rave reviews aside) doubtin' Roth's rank as Toastmaster General. The Dave I used to idolise on bootleg Halen videos had slap-dash down to a beautifully rough art. This 'new' guy is so precise, exact, meticulous and almost cabaret, ol' chum, that my poor little rock 'n' roll heart had difficulty synchronisin' to the 'perfect' beat. A handicap, I might add, I don't seem to share with countless thousands . . !

Despite my doubts, I let myself smile (dammit, Zell, you were beamin'!) at Dave's entrance tonight: a peroxide Bruce Lee in a glitter matador costume. Steve Vai, lookin' *très* rock 'n' roll I don't think in baggy blue whistle, and ol' wossisface on bass lookin' marginally worse in a chic shiny raincoat (?) help our David look all the better (wonder if he's their dress consultant?) as the band spin-out perfect, perfect, bloody-perfect renditions of 'Bottom Line', 'Ain't Talkin' 'Bout Love' and 'Just Like Paradise'.

"Hey, what day is this . . . somethin' like Tuesday? . . . man, it's the beginning of the weeekeeend!"

That little gem (actually a new one as elsewhere our ol' buddy an' pal still ain't embarrassed at coughin' up the same old 'spontaneous' raps) and his cock-up of 'Hot For Teacher' – where he genuinely forgot the words – were, for the Zell, the main highlights. Priceless and treasured moments that hit the head right on the nail.

But what were the crowd excitedly mutterin' after the house-lights subtly hint nighty-night? 'Ooooh, the boxing-ring!' 'Ooooh, the surfboard!' Neither of which got off the ground (ie US style), but their mere appearance, and maybe especially Roth's dramatic spider-like descent on a rope into the ring, were spectacle enough to send the audience ga-ga.

But whatever, as far as I'm concerned, Rothites 'n' Rothettes, the 'prop' that says it all is that ever present, almost institutional, bottle of quality Tennessee Sour Mash Whiskey sat sittin' pretty on the drum-rise. You know, the stuff our man likes to e-Jack-ulate with – to the delight of the front row rowdies.

Roth in '88 is no longer my favourite frontman. Roth in '88 is a re-run of my favourite comedy show, only the one-liners aren't as ho-ho worthy the 20th time. As for you 'thousands', don't waste yer postage stamps 'n' stationary on what a tosser I am – you've got what I want and I'm jealous as f**k.

RAY ZELL

JETBOY
The Stone, San Francisco

THERE IS definitely a problem in the air, and I'm not too sure if it's mine or theirs. I'm standing waiting for something highly outrageous and totally ballsy to blow me clean away. And it isn't happening.

Jetboy are delivering something, but it's not that much to write home about. Quality junk mail, not packages containing wild gifts. They have great feel for rock 'n' roll, old-style. At times it almost seems like Eddie Cochrane except it couldn't ever be that close. It's all a touch confusing.

The crowd aren't sure whether to twist, bop or jump and no one has the conviction to follow their body swing. Poor bastards actually look as though their feet are nailed to the floor and their hands tied fast and tight behind their backs. There's the odd loud cheer and show of hands, but nothing to steal the paint from the walls and the roof from the building.

Jetboy have some nice moves and slick turns, they're definitely professionals. They even manage to take a turn in the Hanoi direction, and no, I didn't even know it was Sam Yaffa on bass until I looked at the album sleeve some five minutes ago.

Singer Mickey even had a nice twist and shout of the old grease god Elvis. But the thing is, it all lacked the panache. The grit. The f**k-it-all go for it bravado and adventure. The balls laced with spikes and nails. The danger, if you will.

Now maybe that isn't what Jetboy are all about. Maybe Jetboy are about exactly what they were this Saturday night – good-time rock 'n' roll capably performed and happily completed; backs-to-the-wall desperados, ready to fly off the hook and rip your face off with a blow of melodic explosions and crude, rude, full-on cheekiness.

I wanted to stand there, take my hands from my pockets and applaud a good, filthy dirty Saturday night's greasy rock from the cock and roll. Instead I found my hands in my pockets, refusing to come out for anything, and a politely flamboyant band. There wasn't an anthem, a tease, a sleaze; maybe there wasn't meant to be.

STEFFAN CHIRAZI

FAIRY GODMOTHER STRIKES AGAIN

TOM KEIFER: has to leave the ball at midnight

Pix David Willis

CINDERELLA, LITTLE ANGELS
Leicester De Montfort Hall

WE WALK in the door as the Angelic Toby, arms spread wide, is tossing his mane of curls into the air. Typical, I muse, flash and as empty as the definitive vessel. How I hate the smell of hype.

It was probably when Toby lifted up an acoustic guitar and began to pick out 'No Solution' that my head gave an involuntary twitch, I could suddenly smell Big Time. Quietly all the empty posturing had become weighty ammunition to a handful of brazen and excellent songs.

'England Rocks' and the two-thirds-full hall shifts forward as if their handbrakes have gone and they've all slipped into third. If everything hadn't been running so late there would have been an encore. I was shouting for one. Odd taste, humble pie.

Tom Keifer strolls on to the stage while the houselights are still glowing and begins to tune a Chrome Molly guitar on a Chrome Molly amp. Joy's joy stepped in with the offer of equipment just after Her Majesty's Custom and Excise men had snapped the last lock into place and impounded Cinderella's gear. There was not even a backdrop. Back to basics.

Which is where Cinderella are probably at their best. Gone are the ragamuffins of yesterday; this crew, Keifer's silver and black strides aside, assault the stage in jeans and T-shirts and a set of borrowed six-strings.

They look saddle sore from their earlier airport experience, Keifer looks particularly weary, but as the intro tape of 'Bad Seamstress Blues' slips into 'Falling Apart At The Seams', Keifer lets go his serrated gravel scream and the band shake the balcony into good order. We were rolling.

Under the gaze of a huge pipe organ Eric Brittingham beats relentlessly at his, or someone else's bass. He throws his expanse of blond hair and makes the occasional dash to the mic to contribute vocals. He never once touches the keyboards at his side, though a Hammond reaches out from somewhere during 'Long Cold Winter'.

Jeff Labar stalks the other extreme of the stage with an unlit cigarette placed firmly between his lips. Each time he solos he makes an urgent grab for the said cancer stick and tosses out a tune with the butt trapped between his fingers. I'm not at all sure that it doesn't suit him.

While upstairs on an elevated riser and a drumset that he probably doesn't even know, Fred Coury is charging around. Putting down bass drum fills that jostle Keifer for stage space. He still manages a solo spot on skins that he doesn't even know. Impressive.

At the end of the day, the strain shows in minute cracks, and when Keifer comes back to say thanks for understanding and hands out 'Shake Me' and 'Jumpin' Jack Flash', he looks on the verge of being loaded on to a stretcher and carried off to the nearest mattress.

Cinderella weren't great tonight, but if they had been it would have gone against the basic laws of nature.

Two or three more nights and guitars and sticks they can call their own – they'll have a ball.

PHIL WILDING

JEFF LABAR: a long cold Winter night?

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FAITH 2 FACED

Pic Mark Leialoha

NEW RECRUIT to the 'Faith Mike Patton (left) and Jim Martin

SLAYER, MOTORHEAD, OVERKILL
Orpheum Theatre, Boston, MA

IN JAPAN this would have never happened. Imagine; Motörhead, virtually the sole inspiration for almost every worthwhile shard of so-called 'new Metal' ranging from Anthrax to Znowhite, reduced to opening for an almost definitely derivative outfit like Slayer. Not to down the LA Thrash progenitors but something sacred seems to have been violated.

America's got a problem with Lemmy and crew. While the proverbial Metallithraxdethslayer 'big four' have flourished in relative popularity, Yanks still find it quite hard to warm to these crusty lugs. Americans have somewhat of a problem with a Metal band as cheeky and *double entendre*'d as Motörhead. Damn, we are a grim people!

Openers Overkill provided a tasty half hour, mostly culled from their recent. 'Under The Influence' LP with welcome inclusions from previous efforts including 'Electro-Violence' and the usual DOA/Subhumans treatment, 'F**k You'.

Concerned fans will be pleased to know that Bobby Gustafson's bout with the dreaded Hetfield disease is over and the classy axeman is back to his own personality rather than masquerading as some sort of semi-obscure guitar legend. Likewise, the always engaging vocalist Bobby 'Blitz' Ellsworth seems to be dropping the bulk of his inane audience banter allowing for more of his own honest to goodness personality to come shining through. Overkill may be verging on the greatness they've long promised.

Covering a bulk of material from the so-so 'No Sleep At All' live album, Motörhead had a few cards stacked against them. Mostly, in their 'special guests' status, they were playing to Slayer's crowd, a dedicated crew of suckling babes, most of whom discovered the evening's headliners long before they knew of old man Lemmy. Secondly, limited to a 50-minute set, their choice of song selection tended to be a wee bit lacking – forsaking classic faves such as 'Iron Fist', 'Motörhead' and 'Bomber' for predominently new and often weaker numbers including opener 'Dr Rock' and 'Traitor'.

Nonetheless, the 'Head pulled through unscathed, their loose, often crappy classic bombast still proving a saving grace after giving rise to countless tight-assed technicians. Most of all, from the collective grins onstage not to mention Mr Kilmister's "swagger up to the bar" audience rapport, Motörhead are doing what they love best. Maybe one day they'll get the respect they've always deserved.

Slayer, oh, wonderfully ugly Slayer. Recent months of touring have tightened these thugs to delivering their bellicose brand of sonic savagery with razor-sharp precision. Opening with the garrottingly muscular 'South Of Heaven', it's immediately apparent that these uncompromising LA trendsetters want to be the loudest sound under the black sun. Slow and grinding like some latter-day Sabbath they lurch into the wonderfully dense and moody opener, shifting gears rapid-fire. 'Silent Scream' proving Hannemann and King possibly the tightest two-guitar combo going.

The sheer intensity of their live show is reaching epic proportions, Slayer dragging every ounce of energy from their ferocious selection of outright classics. They're rapidly deserving every bit of success they've long been enjoying . Hail Slayer, forever may they reign!

MIKE GITTER

FAITH NO MORE
San Francisco

IT STINKS in here, and this is a reminder as to what ugly spent sweat smells like. It's a different stench to that of normal live sweat, for when Faith No More decide to cook, it's more than just perspiration. It's mucus, gob and hair, stale farts and a whole lotta twisted love. And Faith No More, new singer and new songs, are cooking up a vile one. For all those who thought life began with Chuck Mosely, read on and learn.

Faith No More are one of those beasts that, when firing on all five cylinders, produce enough gag-worthy stenches and horror-stricken sounds to induce even the most passive bunch into a state of mass delirium. I personally only ever saw it once before, the full cylinder shot that is, a show in San Francisco's Fillmore where Chuck wasn't drunk out of his mind, wasn't arguing and was therefore at ease with the rest of the band. Some say Faith No More rely on inner hatreds to achieve their sound. That's just a load of pretentious, unnecessary and analytical bollocks.

Mike Patton, 20 years old and cute enough to doubly cover the admittedly interesting asthetics of Mosely, behaves like a cold turkey with cabin fever to match. He doesn't simply eat the floor, he swallows the whole damn thing with one utterly enormous gulp, spitting bits of it back as the evening progresses into the completely chaotic organisation that is Faith No More.

Jim Martin, glasses rested for the evening, wobbles his head both in time and then in dismay when his second guitar comes through sounding like six cats being slammed off a wall by the nastiest bastard you never knew. But he does not get overly aggravated, he merely tunes, takes a turn to the left and is immediately pushed to the ground by the charging Patton. Martin stays down, happy to be there, and Patton goes on to break one camera, six glasses, a mike stand and nearly 'Puffy' Bordin's kick drum. Quite impressive for a man of his age.

And before the cries of 'so what, can he sing?' rain down, the man would leave the crispest lark at a loss. He can not only sing, he gives old FNM songs an identity and range as well as making new material seem so much more huge, so much more versatile. Remember, these new songs were written with a voice in mind as well as four instruments. Pick of the new ones must be the sick head-whipper 'Sailor Song (Surprise You're Dead)', an ugly mêlée of guitar crunch and rhythms big enough to collapse your chest cavity, whilst 'The Violin Song' gives Rowdy Rod the chance to f**k around with some expertise before ushering in a song of might and meat.

The sound, of course, was piss-awful but then who expected anything else here. We were here to see if Patton had the feet to match the old boots. His feet simply squished in and split the crusty leather apart. Mike Patton has big, big boots and Faith No More have new tough soles. It's gonna be a mighty march forward, rest assured.

STEFFAN CHIRAZI

GAYE BYKERS ON ACID
Acid Skate Party, Town And Country Club, London

THE BOYS with Bykes were onstage with nothing more than a giant net and a skateboard ramp. Even though the audience were gagging belly-up with eyes like crazy marbles, I think they understood. Then again, it could have been the special lightshow they were all experiencing. I failed to see it myself. Oh, happy land.

Man with the mic Mary Mary has somehow managed to eclipse all this ecstasy. "F**king shut up, I'm talking." You could almost sense the billowing clouds of love that he was emitting. "My name's Bono, let me tell you about the problems of the world. This is rock and roll." Love, peace and cynicism, this must be the new age.

"This is a new song, we got fed up of playing the old ones." Crack, thud, whatever happened to these men, a blow-out on life's highway? Don't snigger, this could have been a *happening*. Take two of these and call me a potted plant in the morning.

Me and Rudy exchanged glances, dropped our glasses and sprinted for the door. Goodbye Bykers, my love to all your yesterdays. Wow. PHIL WILDING

SAMSON
Marquee, London

WE ALL know how hard it is to get the headline slot at the Marquee nowadays. And when it clashes with Helloween at the Hammy O then you're unlucky, right? Just so Samson.

In perspective, Samson have been around since the NWOBHM, boasting some great names and playing (and recording) some great music. But, like most of the greatest British bands, Maiden excepted, they have been forced to make their name abroad, which they have. The present line-up is innovative, tight and deserving of better reception than it received from the ever cynical Marquee crowd.

Performing material both old and new Mick White's vocal delivery impressed me, as did Toby's keyboard contributions to the overall sound. Paul Samson's guitar is, to these ears, as crystal clear as ever providing the base upon which newer songs such as 'Silver Screen' and 'Good To See You Again' build to become more accessible and (gulp) more commercial. This point is further proven by the shiny new coat of gloss given to older songs like 'Loosing My Grip' from the Nicky Moore era.

They gave everything and received virtually nothing.

DAVE SHACK

YNGWIE J MALMSTEEN'S RISING FORCE, QUIREBOYS
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall

THE QUIREBOYS are quite a different band these days. Last time I saw them – opening for the mighty Guns N' Roses at the Hammersmith – they limped rather ineffectively onstage and proceeded to bore me shitless for half an hour. This time at Folkestone, the endless slugging round the club circuit between then and now has sharpened the Quireboys' wits no end. Live, their rather flaccid vinyl selves are transformed from Stones-inspired honky tonk rock 'n' roll into a vital rhythm that you have to be dead not to tap your feet to.

"Who's got our new single?" inquires vocalist Spike in a voice that's certainly lived. (No response.) "That shows why it ain't in the charts then," he quips as the band break into 'There She Goes Again'. 'Sexy Party', the uptempo 'Long Time Coming' and previous single 'Mayfair' all ripped through the PA, gaining the band a well-earned encore.

In truth, the Quireboys must have put quite a few extra bums on seats and were actually better received than the headliners. But if the Quireboys are really the future of British rock 'n' roll then I'll quietly shoot myself now.

I've been an admirer of ol' Yngwie ever since a friend had the good sense to put a copy of the Steeler album (a project that matched Yngwie's skill with vocalist Ron Keel and master drummer Mark Edwards, but fell apart after inevitable clashes of egos) my way. Scorching solos and a blur of fingers have since established Malmsteen as a household name within Metal circles, hoisting him high above would-be Yngwies like David Chastain and Chris Impellitteri.

These days of course, Yngwie has taken note of his critics and, along with his partner-in-crime Joe Lynn Turner (a man who many still blame for Rainbow's graceless self destruction), has taken to writing songs as opposed to endless guitar solos separated by a vague kind of chorus.

The new, more commercially acceptable face of Rising Force was well in evidence tonight. 'Now Is The Time' and the single 'Heaven Tonight' (complete with taped backing vocals) both made generous concessions to the 'norms' of songwriting, the latter in particular getting a loud response from the sections of the crowd who were rapidly tiring of the emphasis on wee-diddly-diddly guitar runs.

Of course there were the solos; overblown Dinosaur Rock raising its ugly head in the unwelcome shape of no less than three very unnecessary indulgences from (in order of most bearable first) bassist Barry Dunaway (who looked as if he'd come straight from an audition with Poison), drummer Anders Johansson, then keyboards player Jens Johansson.

Naturally Yngwie had his moment too (well 15 minutes to be precise) and it was simply wonderful, the precise blend of blinding musicianship, measured showmanship, and basic bludgeon that has been missing from these waters ever since

Pic David Willis

YNGWIE MALMSTEEN: nice guitarist, shame about the band!

Bernie Tormé stopped strutting his stuff with Gillan. And, after grimacing and contorting his features throughout the rest of the show, Yngwie let his mask slip for a moment during his solo and allowed himself the luxury of a smile. Joe Lynn Turner was allowed his luxuries too; a snippet of 'Street Of Dreams' snuck in between 'Déjà Vu' and Jens Johansson's incredibly tedious solo, whilst 'I Surrender' (introduced by Joe Lynn Turner as "a song by a few friends of mine") was trotted out for the encore to the obvious delight of both members of the audience old enough to recognise it.

However, Joe Lynn Turner was hardly in convincing form, neither in voice nor in his rather subdued role as frontman. His voice is not special enough to lift some of the more mediocre and indulgent material and he rarely looked comfortable fronting somebody else's band (indeed, I had to point out to young Sarah next to me that Yngwie J Malmsteen was, in fact, the guitarist).

Folkestone was the first show of the UK tour (indeed it was their first gig here since their debut at the Marquee three years ago) and, as such, Rising Force were allowed a few jitters. But, convincing as the man himself was, his band, his songs and his show are still a way off from the international status his talent demands.

PAUL MILLER

BEKI AND THE BOMBSHELLS
Marquee, London

THE FACT that we no longer see Beki 'Not' Bondage's knickers befits the transformation the woman has undergone. This is also compounded by the sight of someone who has spanked photographers in the toilet of some dive in her heyday, now reduced to covering Boston's 'More Than A Feeling' in a bid to be taken seriously. Frankly, I prefer the knickers. Honestly, I wish Bushell hadn't defected.

Beki and Lisa have little in common. On the surface Beki is far more provocative, peddling a real (instead of imagined) scuzz-sex. The Bombshells play the textbook of music shop poses, striking a visual balance between caricature and parody, hamming it like the unwanted baby of Twisted Sister and Magnum.

Beki still affects disinterest, the hangover from Vice Squad that may prove impossible to cure. She sneers at guitar solos, yet tries hard to imitate Pat Benatar's 'Heartbreaker' like the dumbest starlet in Hollywood. The song is classic, disposable pap, yet Beki could be far more worthwhile. She is the consummate stage professional, yet never seems happy, bothered or even concerned with the position.

Simply, Punk was never the predecessor of Metal. In fact the two are so ideologically opposed that the idea of Punk/Metal is almost laughable. Beki Bondage is a survivor, but hacking out 'America', 'Lonely Secrets' and 'Cry To Me' will satisfy neither corner and piss off the middle ground.

Beki Bondage is an original. She does not need to hide behind the middle-of-the-road.

CHRIS WATTS

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Access VISA

NINJA, APRIL 16
Marquee, London

I FEEL quite confident in predicting that April 16 will progress no further than this support slot at the Marquee. It's not just a question of their musicianship – which is okay, I suppose; it's not just a question of songs – which are dull; nor is it just to do with their remarkable stage-presence – which is remarkable for being *so* totally lacking that it's unnerving.

In a nutshell, April 16 are either time-warped or in a parallel universe! They look, sound and perform (very authentic, too) like any one of a plethora of solid ol' British 'blues' bands that were the staple diet of the Marquee back in the early '70s – when the likes of Chicken Shack and Ten Years After were 'big league' and a Les Paul through a Marshall stack was almost a 'badge' peculiar to bands that were members of that musical 'club'.

April 16 had a pair of such badges, and would fit into the club with ease – were it not for the fact that the club closed donkeys years ago and I don't think anyone is really interested (?) in opening it up again.

Ninja, too, seem to spend too much time looking in the rear-view mirror for musical inspiration, and end up sounding at times like a carbon copy of Thin Lizzy ('I Don't Want You Around', 'Bad Boys', 'Searching For Love'), with some unmistakably derivative (albeit well played) twin-guitar licks, on other occasions ('Visions Of You' and particularly Sweet's 'Action') sound like a dodgy covers band.

And slipping 'Auld Lang Syne' (yes, they are Scottish) into one Lizzy-inspired song was sufficiently cringe-worthy to make the hairs on my arms stand on end.

But also credit where it's due, and it's only fair to say that Ninja are quite impressive in the vocal department, carrying off some slick harmonies with accuracy and style. The guitar playing too, however derivative and occasionally hackneyed, is often extremely well carried off.

And yet for all their ability to write catchy, singable song, and perform with ease and confidence, there's a certain 'plastic', unreal quality about Ninja that gives off a 'Heavy Rock Cabaret' vibe. They've got the riffs and the poses, but you feel that everything they've got has been thieved from somebody else. (In other words, I didn't like 'em).

PAUL HENDERSON

ROCK CITY ANGELS
Memorial Hall, Kansas City

GEFFEN RECORDS' newest darlings, Rock City Angels, are currently on their first tour. Spotlighting six songs from their twin-set debut, 'Young Man's Blues' – 'Boy From Hell's Kitchen', 'Our Little Secret', 'Mary', 'Rumblefish', 'Liza Jo' (acoustic version) and 'Deep Inside My Heart', their first US single – on this Jimmy Page support slot, the Angels delivered a high-energy half hour. Whether this is due to the concentrated time limit or their new band hunger remains to be seen. Regardless, they're one of those rare cases that simply cannot be slotted. They do country, they do rock, they do soul, and they do everything with a lethal dose of blues. Love 'em or hate 'em – you can't 'kinda like' this band.

Vocalist Bobby Durango has a fiery, passionate stage presence and a delivery that fluctuates between agonising wail and fierce growl. Musically, the band are notably light without being too polished, like a seasoned performing act that still reside in the gutter. They're raw, dirty and brutally honest – pure and traditional in what they're trying to accomplish and represent. No fools, these Geffen folk – having brought us everyone from Guns N' Roses to Edie And The Bohemians. Now they've given us Rock City Angels, and it's a promising find indeed.

ELIANNE HALBERSBERG

TRUE GRIT
100 Club, London

TRUE GRIT like it loud. So much noise from two guitars and an almost-drumkit. The unlikeliest looking trio to rip up R 'n' B since the Pistols. Tonight, apart from the volume, it's empty.

Michael Joseph Hayes (no more, no less) plays it loud: half Mick Hucknell's ugly brother (no, no, no – I joke!), half a man who plays guitar like you won't believe. The big man flailing around with utter conviction and nothing less than total distortion, is loud. A little charming, maybe even spiteful.

Bassist Halden Wright – dressed in perfect Paisley Park pimp – would love to be Chuck Berry, and that's OK. Duck-walking and string-slamming like London was burning, he provides an entertaining foil to Hayes' sweat-soaked assault. He's sharp and, of course, loud.

True Grit don't really sound like the Georgia Satellites, although I'm sure they play the same chords. They sound too upset to be English, yet too brutal to be American. Their hound-dog material (with the exception of 'Sad Sad Day') errs to the right side of frenzy, whilst the ballad smoulders, fascinates and tries not to become 'Freebird'.

In all honesty, True Grit are a club band, but one of the best. You cannot hear a thing except their ramshackle pastiche of amphetamine-inspired lust, laid bare on a small stage inside a club that used to be something.

Now then, True Grit like it loud. Louder than their indie album and, tonight, a bit bloody special.

CHRIS WATTS

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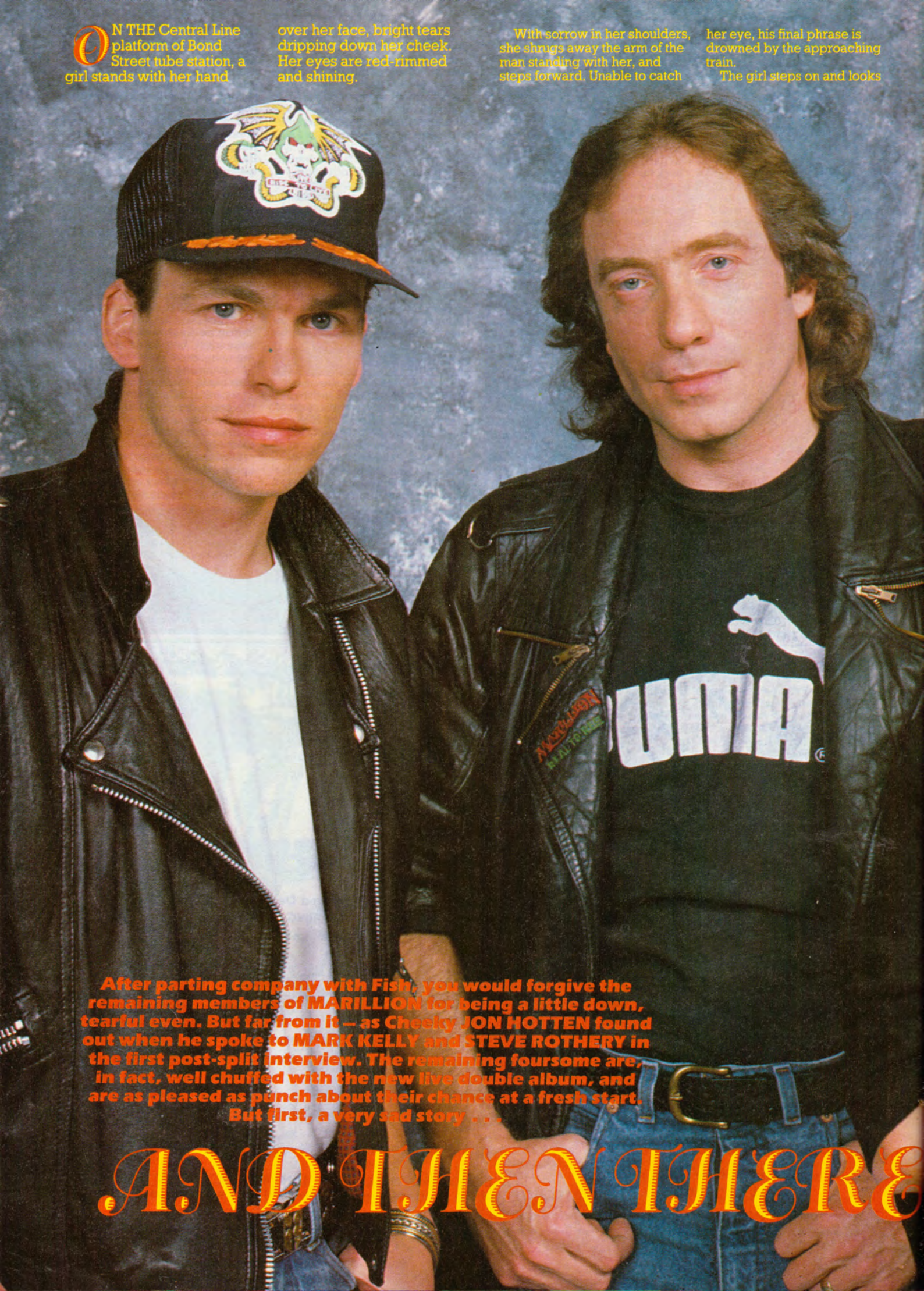
ON THE Central Line platform of Bond Street tube station, a girl stands with her hand over her face, bright tears dripping down her cheek. Her eyes are red-rimmed and shining.

With sorrow in her shoulders, she shrugs away the arm of the man standing with her, and steps forward. Unable to catch her eye, his final phrase is drowned by the approaching train.

The girl steps on and looks



After parting company with Fish, you would forgive the remaining members of MARILLION for being a little down, tearful even. But far from it — as Cheeky JON HOTTEN found out when he spoke to MARK KELLY and STEVE ROTHERY in the first post-split interview. The remaining foursome are, in fact, well chuffed with the new live double album, and are as pleased as punch about their chance at a fresh start. But first, a very sad story . . .

AND THEN THERE

back through the glass for her goodbyes. As the train pulls out, I clearly read her last words, framed by her mouth. She says: "I still love you."

On my Walkman, the soundtrack to this melodrama slips from the headphones. The song is 'Jigsaw', the lyric runs, *'Look me in the eye, and say goodbye'*. I hope to God she can't hear it. But the moment is perfect. Frozen. It's an end.

I've just spent an hour or two with Marillion's Mark Kelly and Steve Rothery. At the moment, feeling like a bit part player in one of the band's videos doesn't appear as strange or coincidental as it should.

For the past week, the new live album, 'The Thieving Magpie', has curled itself around me. But then it's always been like that for me with Marillion. It goes back.

I CAN REMEMBER watching them support the long-dead ghosts of Twelfth Night and Solstice back in 1981, when they sparkled as the others plodded . . . the first Marquee headline in 1982 . . . then standing in a sprawling Reading Rock festival crowd on a perfect Summer's day later that year when Fish announced publicly that the band had signed to EMI . . . playing the 'Market Square Heroes' EP until it died on the deck.

I remember a packed and steaming Marquee on the first night they ever performed the title track to their debut album 'Script For A Jester's Tear' . . . the first show at Hammersmith Odeon . . . 'Kayleigh' when it was the song on every lover's lips . . . 'Clutching At Straws' biting deep on late nights . . . walking in Central Park with Ray Palmer, talking about Fish and Marillion, and then

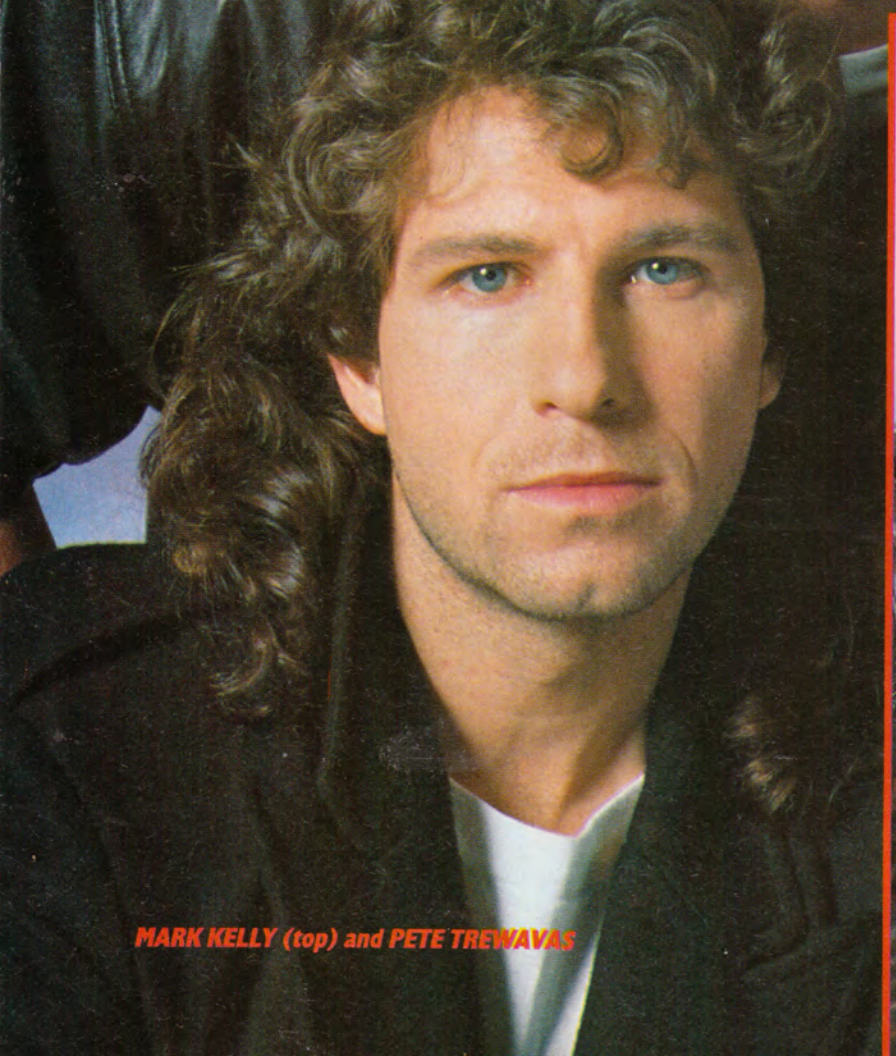
KONTINUEZ PAGE 53

WERE FOUR

Pic Ray Palmer

MARILLION

Pix Ray Palmer



MARK KELLY (top) and PETE TREWAVAS

STEVE ROTHERY (left) and IAN MOSLEY

AND THEN

FROM PAGE 51

returning home a few days later to find he'd quit the band.

And now I find Marillion at a crossroads. Whichever way they choose to turn, there will be snipers waiting to shoot them down. Whoever steps into Fish's shoes had better have big feet.

Mark Kelly and Steve Rothery arrive at EMI's West End offices to face the first interview since the singer's departure. Mark admits, after it's all over, that the prospect was a strange and mildly fearful one. Because Fish, through his lyrics and willingness to ponder deeply on them as an interviewee, opened corridors into the band and the music; revealed their mysteries – and in doing so, created more.

Mark, Steve, Pete Trewavas and Ian Mosley built the music, and Fish built the identity and image, lending it all the romance a drunken Scottish poet could conjure up.

For that reason, perhaps more than any other, Fish appeared as the focal point of Marillion, the man who would be most difficult to replace.

SO FIRST the obvious question guys . . . "What happened!" they shout in unison, laughing at a question that they're going to hear a hell of a lot more.

"It really was boring 'musical differences' I'm afraid," says Mark, using a term that has, in its time, described any number of a multitude of sins, and not all of them musical.

"After we'd finished touring the 'Clutching At Straws' album, we started writing for a new record, and we were excited about it. It's certainly amongst the best stuff we've ever written.

"At the time, I felt we weren't getting the usual feedback from Fish. We'd be running through the stuff, and he'd turn up and start to sing along, using whatever he was working on at the time.

"One day he turned around and said, 'I don't really like the new material you've written'."

A crisis point?

"Well, we just kind of looked at each other," explains Mark, and to be honest we were a bit amazed, cos it's good stuff.

"So we said to him, 'Well now the cards are on the table, we don't really like what you're doing either'. So Fish went away and thought about that, and when he came back, he said that if we didn't sort out what we were doing, then he'd have to leave."

Dramatic stuff.

"It was a bit," continues Mark, "but it all blew over, and he didn't leave."

For a while . . . So Mark, Steve, Pete and Ian continued to work on music while Fish worked separately on his lyrical ideas. Quite clearly, Marillion were no longer pulling together as a group.

"We'd be really chuffed with an idea," says Steve, and Fish would come in and go, 'Hmmm', or he'd turn up and get really excited about a lyric, and one of us would go, 'Well, I'm not really sure about that . . .'."

It was a stalemate, but Fish and the rest of the band were still prepared to tough it out and try to cut it. They hired a castle in Scotland so they could escape to work on new material.

They were clutching at straws.

"THING IS," says Mark, "I don't want people to think that we didn't try to resolve our problems. We went up to the castle, and wrote some really good stuff.

"Lyrically and musically, a couple of things started to gel. But when we came back and thought it over, it really wasn't happening. Two or three good ideas out of 20 really isn't enough."

"We could have struggled on with two different directions," continues Steve, "but we would have split up in the studio.

"If that had happened, I think it could have destroyed the band completely.

"Anyway, some minor argument broke out, over nothing really, and that was it. Fish left. I mean, the argument really wasn't important, it was just the last straw, in a manner of speaking. Ha!"

So that's the how. What about the root of the problem?

"I think Fish wants more complete control than he can have in a band," says Steve, "and we never worked that way. You can't base an album on two or three common ideas. It would have been stupid of us to have even started recording."

Marillion's music, by its nature, enjoys variety. They've recorded 'Grendel', a 17-minute epic based around the greatest surviving work of medieval literature, and they've recorded the perfect, three-minute pop of 'Kayleigh' and 'Incommunicado'. There must be plenty of room for common ground.

"Well the material we've written is very much a progression from 'Clutching At Straws'," says Steve. "It's still very identifiable as Marillion, and that's how we want it to stay.

"The whole essence of the band is that we're great at what we do, and to go against the grain just doesn't work for us."

FOR ME, Fish's lyrics created four distinct and different steps in the band's history, his vision stamped on each of them.

'Script For A Jester's Tear' was bleak and sorrowful, charting a rocky path from leaving home, providing a roof, of love and loss, the first cuts undoubtedly the deepest.

'Fugazi' was a band rolling on the road; Fish often guilty of clumsy wordplay, but chewing on the homelessness he found in empty hotel rooms.

'Misplaced Childhood' was the reflective self-discovery of a late developer – the transition of Fish from a flashy wide boy into an eloquent and adult lyricist, and the band into a moving, elegant unit.

Finally, 'Clutching At Straws', and admission that adulthood brings no relief from doubting or discovery, or the pains of the creative process.

Marillion had grown up. What had Fish seen as the next stage?

"It's weird," admits Mark. "I really don't know for sure. He wanted to do this double concept album which was something to do with this guy sitting in a car, listening to the radio and tuning through the stations, listening to all these songs that we were supposed to cover. They were all so varied and diversified and not suited to us at all; stuff, for instance, like 'Five Years' by David Bowie and 'Cripple Creek' by the Band."

"The thing about Fish is that he has some great ideas," says Steve, "but he has some not so great ones too!

"In terms of being able to accept criticism, that was one of the problems. We felt unable to talk through things we thought were wrong."

So Fish is gone.

"It was a great relief actually," says Mark. "Everyone had been really down about how things had been going."

"Being in a successful band is a privileged position and you should enjoy it," says Steve. "It's a great way of spending your life, but there were times when I thought, 'Oh my God, I wish I had a nine to five job, because it's making my life hell'."

"I was sad when Fish left," admits Mark. "I was sad for what happened and for all the good times we'd had, but it wasn't the same any more."

And through all those times, good and bad, Fish has left an indelible impression on Marillion: his mark.

Now they have to replace him.

"OBVIOUSLY WE can't just replace Fish," says Mark. "I don't think we'd try to do, or want to do that.

"What we need is somebody with presence and an original voice, who can obviously cope with the old stuff, but who is looking to the new material."

"It's important for us to find the right person, even if it takes a year," says Steve.

"Having said that," adds Mark, "just say we found a guy next week, we could finish off the material, get in the studio, record, and have an album in the shops in six months' time!"

But for now, content yourselves with a new Marillion live album. 'The Thieving Magpie' was recorded in part on the 'Fugazi' tour in 1984, and partly on the recent UK leg of the 'Clutching At Straws' tour. It marries the two well. A worthy testimony to the story so far.

"IT'S A nice way to round off chapter one," says Steve. "We tried to avoid using tracks that we featured on 'Real To Reel' (the band's previous live mini-album), and then we also had to find good versions of the stuff we wanted.

"We listened to about 50 concert tapes before we made a final decision on which versions of what we wanted to feature.

"It was strange listening to the stuff recorded in '84," says Steve. "We kept changing it over the years, finding new ways of playing it."

"Yeah, mainly we play it faster!" interrupts Mark. Some of the stuff on the first two albums hadn't been played live enough before we went into the studio with it, so it sounds a lot more powerful and full on the new album, especially 'Jigsaw' and 'Punch And Judy'.

"We sound like a young group there," says Mark. "Over the years you can hear how we've grown as musicians. The older material really sounds noticeably live whereas, for example, 'White Russian', we were listening to a tape and going, 'Where was this recorded?', then found out we were listening to the studio version!

"The recording of 'Misplaced Childhood' is taken from one performance," he continues. "We wanted an entire live recording of it, but couldn't fit it all on the album, and you can really only split it in one place, hence the rest of it is on the CD only."

So how involved was Fish in the whole process?

"Well he is singing!" says Mark. "He popped in occasionally. It was difficult because we wanted to get started and get it done rather than buggering around, because we wanted to move on.

"You can't really say, 'Fish, come in and listen to this'. It just wouldn't have worked. It's best done and out."

Marillion see the departure of Fish not as a disastrous finale, but as the end of the first era of the band, and the dawn of another, filled with hope and promise.

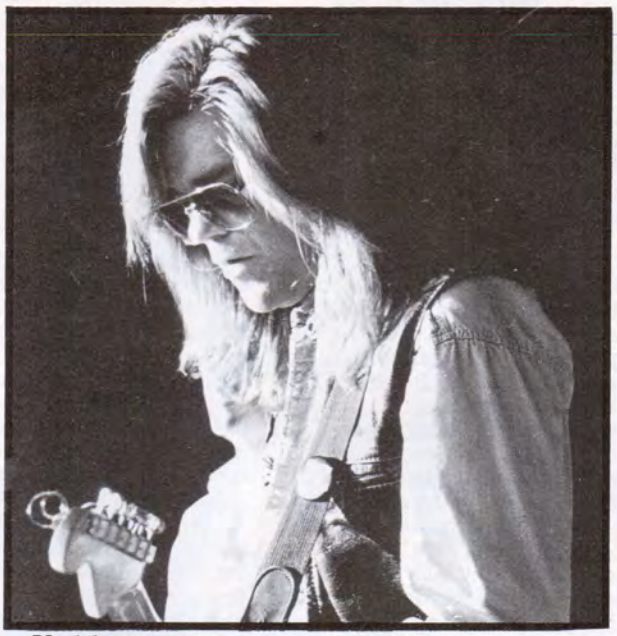
Mark and Steve appear confident in their abilities, and are seeing off current scepticism with honesty and good humour. They've met every challenge so far.

To all those who doubt Marillion, I'd say show a little faith.

And to the girl I saw on Bond Street station, I'd say in every end there is a new beginning. Ask Marillion.

NEXT ISSUE

Only seven days to go until another hot edition of* Kerrang! *hits the streets!



THEY SAY it's tough at the top, and us Next Issue Trailer writers can vouch for that. But this week I'm joined by a man who has it tougher than most. A man who has risen to the very top of his profession . . . will you welcome please, manager of the England football team, Mr Bobby Robson.

Hello Bobby, how's it going?

"Very well thank you, very well."

Good. Bobby, we've heard a rumour that *Kerrang!* have got bluesman MICHAEL KATON up front on the cover next week.

"Well, I don't really think it's for me to say or for you to ask. I reckon I'm capable of making that decision when the time comes."

Okay, well, could you confirm that Don Kaye will be teaming up on the right wing with Paul Stanley and Gene Simmons for a KISS feature?

"What makes you say that? You know, you guys from the media are all the same."

Beg your pardon Bobby, it was just that I figured that along with Elianne Halbersberg and Blackie Lawless out on the left for the W.A.S.P. story it was going to be a particularly strong attack.

"The attack is as strong as ever. There's never been anything lacking up front."

Not to worry . . .

"Worry? Look, I'm not worried. There's a long way to go and the CELTIC FROST interview between Paul Miller and Tom G Warrior is a potential match-winner . . ."

But . . .

"Do you mind not interrupting when I'm talking? If you'd just let me finish I'd tell you that the next *Kerrang!*, issue 216 cover dated December 3, is on sale Wednesday November 30."

PANDORA PEROXIDE

by Ray Zell

SINGLES

1	–	THE CLAIRVOYANT **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
2	1	WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE **Guns N' Roses** (Geffen)
3	11	SUDDENLY **Angry Anderson** (Food For Thought)
4	2	I WANT OUT **Helloween** (Noise International)
5	9	THERE SHE GOES AGAIN **Quireboys** (Survival)
6	4	MIRACLE MAN **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
7	5	OPEN YOUR HEART **Europe** (Epic)
8	3	FALLEN ANGEL **Poison** (Capitol)
9	10	BAD MEDICINE **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
10	7	DON'T WALK AWAY **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
11	8	ETERNAL NIGHTMARE **Vio-lence** (MCA)
12	13	ASTRONOMY **Blue Öyster Cult** (CBS)
13	14	THE EVIL THAT MEN DO **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
14	12	SWEET CHILD O' MINE **Guns N' Roses** (Geffen)
15	6	WAITING FOR THE BIG ONE **Femme Fatale** (MCA)
16	19	MAKE ME LAUGH **Anthrax** (Island)
17	15	DON'T BE CRUEL **Cheap Trick** (Epic)
18	–	SATURDAY NIGHT'S ALRIGHT FOR FIGHTING **Flotsam And Jetsam** (Roadrunner)
19	18	TURN ON THE NIGHT **Kiss** (Vertigo)
20	–	DREAMING NUMBER II **Joe Satriani** (Food For Thought)
21	21	HARVESTER OF SORROW **Metallica** (Vertigo)
22	27	IT'S SO EASY **Guns N' Roses** (Geffen)
23	26	EASY LIVIN' **Uriah Heep** (Legacy)
24	16	I HATE MYSELF FOR LOVING YOU **Joan Jett & The Blackhearts** (London)
25	17	DR STEIN **Helloween** (Noise)
26	20	LOVE BITES **Def Leppard** (Bludgeon Riffola/Phonogram)
27	22	ALWAYS THERE FOR YOU **Stryper** (Enigma)
28	25	EDGE OF A BROKEN HEART **Vixen** (Manhattan)
29	28	SUPERSTITIOUS **Europe** (Epic)
30	23	WHEN IT'S LOVE **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)

US HM RADIO

1	1	. . . AND JUSTICE FOR ALL **Metallica** (Elektra)
2	2	STATE OF EUPHORIA **Anthrax** (Megaforce)
3	3	NO REST FOR THE WICKED **Ozzy Osbourne** (CBS)
4	6	WHY PLAY AROUND? **Wargasm** (Profile)
5	4	SOUTH OF HEAVEN **Slayer** (DefJam)
6	5	KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS PART II **Helloween** (Noise/RCA)
7	7	BLOW MY FUSE **Kix** (Columbia)
8	18	NO SLEEP AT ALL **Motörhead** (GWR/Enigma)
9	15	SURFIN' NICARAGUA **Sacred Reich** (Metal Blade)
10	8	HOW WILL I LAUGH TOMORROW WHEN I CAN'T EVEN SMILE TODAY **Suicidal Tendencies** (Epic)
11	9	SAINTS WILL CONQUER EP **Armored Saint** (Metal Blade)
12	11	WINGER **Winger** (Atlantic)
13	13	MASTER **Liege Lord** (Metal Blade)
14	–	REACH FOR THE SKY **Ratt** (Atlantic)
15	19	IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED **Hades** (Medusa)
16	–	POUND FOR POUND **Anvil** (Metal Blade)
17	re	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION **Guns N' Roses** (Geffen)
18	10	FROLIC THROUGH THE PARK **Death Angel** (Enigma)
19	17	NEW JERSEY **Bon Jovi** (Mercury)
20	re	DANZIG **Danzig** (Def America)

Compiled by Jem Aswad for the CMJ Music Report, 830 Willis Avenue, Albertson, New York 11507, USA

INDIE METAL

1	–	THE BIZ SUXX BUT WE DON'T CARE **Wrathchild** (Heavy Metal)
2	3	KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS PART II **Helloween** (Noise)
3	13	KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS PART I **Helloween** (Noise)
4	1	STARS ON THRASH **Various** (Roadrunner)
5	5	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
6	7	MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
7	–	SURF NICARAGUA **Sacred Reich** (Roadrunner)
8	11	LIVE AT LEEDS **The Macc Lads** (FM/Revolver)
9	–	THE DARK SIDES **King Diamond** (Roadrunner)
10	re	SURFING WITH THE ALIEN **Joe Satriani** (Food For Thought)
11	–	PUNISHMENT FOR DECADENCE **Coroner** (Noise)
12	2	BLEEDING HEARTS AND NEEDLE MARKS **Tattooed Love Boys** (Episode)
13	8	YOU CAN'T DO THAT. . .THE HELSINKI TAPES **Frank Zappa** (Music For Nations)
14	6	BLOOD, FIRE, DEATH **Bathory** (Under One Flag)
15	–	ANCIENT DREAMS **Candlemass** (Axis)
16	4	KILL 'EM ALL **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
17	9	HEAVEN OR HOLLYWOOD **Uncle Sam** (Razor)
18	12	WALLS OF JERICHO **Helloween** (Noise)
19	10	SURVIVE **Nuclear Assault** (Under One Flag)
20	15	NO PLACE FOR DISGRACE **Flotsam And Jetsam** (Roadrunner)

ALBUMS

1	1	SOFT METAL **Various** (Stylus)
2	4	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION **Guns N' Roses** (Geffen)
3	2	NEW JERSEY **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
4	3	SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
5	–	REACH FOR THE SKY **Ratt** (Atlantic)
6	7	HYSTERIA **Def Leppard** (Bludgeon Riffola/Phonogram)
7	6	NO REST FOR THE WICKED **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
8	8	OVERSEEING THE OPERATION **Queensrÿche** (Manhattan)
9	–	THE BIZ SUXX BUT WE DON'T CARE **Wrathchild** (Heavy Metal)
10	14	BAT OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
11	10	KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS PART II **Helloween** (Noise)
12	11	. . .AND JUSTICE FOR ALL **Metallica** (Vertigo)
13	9	SLIPPERY WHEN WET **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
14	re	KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS PART I **Helloween** (Noise)
15	25	RECKLESS **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
16	12	FOUR SYMBOLS **Led Zeppelin** (Atlantic)
17	13	WIDE AWAKE IN DREAMLAND **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
18	15	STARS ON THRASH **Various** (Roadrunner)
19	23	STATE OF EUPHORIA **Anthrax** (Megaforce/Island)
20	21	LONG COLD WINTER **Cinderella** (Vertigo)
21	18	WHITESNAKE 1987 **Whitesnake** (EMI)
22	17	VIXEN **Vixen** (Manhattan)
23	30	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
24	22	HITS OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Epic)
25	50	KINGS OF THE SUN **Kings Of The Sun** (RCA)
26	20	POWERSLAVE **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
27	26	PIECE OF MIND **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
28	32	BEST SHOTS **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
29	33	B' SIDES THEMSELVES **Marillion** (EMI)
30	34	SOMEWHERE IN TIME **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
31	16	OUT OF THIS WORLD **Europe** (Epic)
32	19	THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST **Iron Maiden** (Fame/EMI)
33	41	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
34	31	UP YOUR ALLEY **Joan Jett & The Blackhearts** (London)
35	40	LIVE AFTER DEATH **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
36	37	BACK IN BACK **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
37	28	BLOW UP YOUR VIDEO **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
38	42	LED ZEPPELIN III **Led Zeppelin** (Atlantic)
39	47	HIGHWAY TO HELL **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
40	re	ESCAPE **Journey** (EMI)
41	38	OPERATION: MINDCRIME **Queensrÿche** (Manhattan)
42	44	HOUSES OF THE HOLY **Led Zeppelin** (Atlantic)
43	43	YOUNG MAN'S BLUES **Rock City Angels** (Geffen)
44	39	WHO MADE WHO **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
45	24	NO SLEEP AT ALL **Motörhead** (GWR)
46	28	PERMANENT VACATION **Aerosmith** (Geffen)
47	35	KILLERS **Iron Maiden** (Fame/EMI)
48	45	BON JOVI **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
49	36	PYROMANIA **Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
50	re	7800° FAHRENHEIT **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)

STAR CHOICE

EDDIE 'SCUMBAG' STAR (WRATHCHILD)
'TATTOOED BEAT MESSIAH' Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction (Phonogram)
'EASY ACTION' Easy Action (Tandan)
'THE BIZ SUXX . . .' Wrathchild (Heavy Metal)

JOHN CONNELLY (NUCLEAR ASSAULT)
'FRAGILE' Yes (Atlantic)
'COMPILATION 2' Various (IRS/No Speak)
'POWERTRIP' Ludichrist (Combat)

SABBE KIHLSTRAND (ICEAGE)
'OPERATION: MINDCRIME' Queensrÿche (Manhattan)
'LOOKING DOWN ON THE CROSS' Megadeth (from 'Killing Is My Business . . .' on MFN)
'BLACK ON BLACK' Dalbello (from 'She' on Capitol)

CHORLEY THE HORD (MACC LADS)
'ATMOSPHERE' Russ Abbott (Factory)
'AGADOO' Black Lace (Gay)
'LONG HAIRED LOVER FROM LIVERPOOL' Little Jimmy Osmond (MGM)

IMPORTS

1	1	HOUSE OF LORDS **House Of Lords** (Simmons)
2	2	MAN IN MOTION **Night Ranger** (MCA)
3	3	QR **Quiet Riot** (Epic)
4	–	SMASHES, THRASHES & HITS **Kiss** (Polygram)
5	5	TOO HOT TO SLEEP **Survivor** (Scotti Brothers)
6	4	ESCAPE FROM THE JUNGLE **Guns N' Roses** (Geffen)
7	9	FEMME FATALE **Femme Fatale** (MCA)
8	10	FEEL THE SHAKE **Jetboy** (MCA)
9	6	LIVELINE **The Angels** (Mushroom)
10	8	MORTAL WAYS OF LIFE **Sodom** (Noise)

A NEW RANGE OF SONY TAPES. WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET.

When you make a recording you want it to sound as close as possible to the original. A statement of the obvious?

You might not think so when you listen to some tapes.

That's why Sony have launched a new range of 8 audio cassettes. Every single one, whether it's top of the range Metal-ES or the world favourite HF has been carefully designed and engineered to give you the ultimate in performance in it's category, including higher levels of retentivity and coercivity so not only do your recordings capture the original but having captured it, they keep it.

And it's not just the sound that sets Sony's new range apart, they also look special. But, it's a look with a purpose. The Metal-ES, UX Pro, UX-ES and UX-S all benefit from the new Infinity Shaped shell, which, apart from looking rather nice, makes them much tougher, gives the tapes a steady even flow over the heads and reduces modulation noise to a minimum.

And not to be left out, the UX, HF-ES and the HF-S all have a new wide window so you can see exactly where you are on the tape and the HF has the widest window of the lot, because the whole cassette is clear - just like the sound.

Just another way of saying 'what you see is what you get.'

SONY